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the Magazine of the Arts for
Connoisseurs and Collectors



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THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS FOR CONNOISSEURS AND COLLECTORS

Editor and Manager: WM. JENNINGS

Advertisement Director: T. LIVINGSTONE BAILY

Editorial and Publishing Offices: MUNDESLY, NR. NORWICH. MUNDESLY 72

Advertising Office: 34 GLEBE ROAD, BARNES, S.W. 13. PROSPECT 2044

Price 2s. 6d.

Subscription Rates: 35s. per annum; U.S.A. \$7.50

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WHEN OLD FRIENDS MEET

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CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS BY PERSPÉX

COMING DOWN TO BRASS TACKS

*We'll to the woods no more,
The Laurels all are cut. . . .*

SO the melancholy A. E. Housman, who is alleged to have confessed that he never wrote poetry unless he felt out of sorts. So am I for the moment; hence this month's comments will, I fear, turn out to be a kind of song of mourning; a lament for Art; a desire to keep away from woods cut down with only stumps left to make pathetic attempts to bring forth green leaves. But the resolution will, like all resolutions, be broken, the desire will fade and I *shall* to the "woods," if not of St. John's and Holland Park and Chelsea and Bloomsbury as in the happy days of old, at least to the places in Piccadilly, Bond Street, Leicester Square, or wherever the vendors of cuttings may happen to have their stalls—Pliny's "Old Shops" over again.

This, however, is becoming altogether too metaphysical and too poetical, so let me come down to brass Tonks—I had nearly said, committing a lamentable semi-sub-conscious pun indicating, nevertheless, precisely what set my mind off in this mournful direction.

It was a visit to the New English Art Club in general and the sight of a painting by the late Professor Henry Tonks in particular. That painting shook me to the very foundations of my conception of Art. It seemed like a sudden revelation of the fundamental sickness from which the "laurels" have been suffering for a hundred years and more. So I would have the reader understand that *Tonks* stands for the name of a pathological *symptom* rather than that of a serious and high-minded man. Nevertheless, the man cannot be entirely disregarded, because his very career is symptomatic.

Henry Tonks, a surgeon of distinction by profession, indeed an R.C.S., began by teaching anatomy to medical students; then "decided to teach the same subject to artists, and later on gave his whole time to the teaching of drawing and painting"—to quote from Eric Underwood's *Short History of English Painting*. He was Slade Professor in the University of London. Before my recent visit to the New English Art Club and my inspection of his picture, "The Temptation of Eve" there, I had read this short objective statement of biographical facts more than once without blinking an eye or turning a hair.

Since then it has seemed to me almost incredible. What would one say if one read, for example, "Sir Frederick Leighton, a painter by profession, indeed a P.R.A., began by giving anatomy lessons to the students of the Royal Academy Schools; then "decided to teach the same subject to surgeons and later on gave his whole time to the teaching of physics and surgery." Preposterous. Yes, it is; and so was Professor Tonks's decision to teach drawing and painting. For proof one need go no further than this picture of his called "The Temptation of Eve," which incidentally illustrates, if anything, "The Temptation of Adam." One glance at it will show that there is more than something radically wrong with this immature but fully frocked pair, namely "Adam's" anatomy from head to foot; and a further glance will suffice to

prove even to the veriest ignoramus that there is something radically wrong with the painting—for the paint is cracking all over. Of course, a good Crocean may say that this particular point is irrelevant—"it is possible to be a great artist with a bad technique"—he taught; though I think that is not quite as true as it sounds. Tonks, nevertheless, fulfils Croce's further asseveration, at least in so far as he gave "tone to his colours," so much so that the whole picture looks as if it had been



CHILDREN ON THE FRONT

THOMAS CARR

PERSPÉX's choice for the Picture of the Month

preserved in golden syrup; but tone and colours alone do not make a great painter, and even perfect draughtsmanship is of no avail. What is the primary—in fact, the only—qualification of the painter *qua* artist? The revelation or, to use a less metaphysical and truer term, the divulcation of an idea. What is the idea of this picture? I do not know, for surely it cannot be anything so trivial and cheap as the title suggests and which would not even qualify its technique for publication in a Christmas number. And here we are putting our finger on the spot, on the symptom of the *maladie du siècle*—of rather more than a century. Be it remembered that Tonks was *qua* member of the New English Art Club, a revolutionist, an anti-academician, who must have been deeply wounded if ever he heard of his old friend Roger Fry's remark, as quoted by Virginia Woolf, to the effect that Fry "was surprised to find that Henry Tonks was still alive and that he supposed that since he was alive he must perhaps be the President of the Royal Academy. . . ." But the trivialities of academic art of the last hundred or

hundred and forty years had at least this in their favour: they divulged ideas of a kind which the public could get because the artist met the public on the same level of triviality. The New English sought to counteract this by going in for *serious* painting, subordinating the subject to the technique, on the plausible grounds that the "subject does not matter"; not what was painted, but how it was painted made the difference between good and bad. Even by this test this particular painting of Tonks's fails, I think, badly; though I have seen paintings by him done for the purpose of solving peculiarly difficult problems of tone and colour—and still he failed, as fail he must because he had the wrong type of mind for a painter, like so many others who nevertheless paint, even Tonks' friend and professional enemy, Fry. But whereas Tonks remains the scientist, Fry is the mystic, who grows all ecstatic over one of Chardin's "saucepans." "And those persons who have the power to apprehend what Chardin expressed find it to be an experience of very great significance," so our mystagogue in one of his lectures, continuing, "one that far transcends anything usually conveyed to us by actual saucepans, one that takes us into the remoter regions of the imaginative world." One can just see good old simple Chardin, supposing him to have *parlez-vous'd Anglais*, blinking at his expositor, and rejoining in a paraphrase of Constable: "I never knew it; I meant it to be *painting*." That his picture would transcend "anything usually conveyed by actual saucepans" would have seemed to him self-evident, not worth the mention, except to save it from a lunatic who might want to put this "saucepan" on the stove to boil his potatoes in. And yet, and yet! Even a Diderot could praise Chardin—for the wrong reasons. And Chardin is a great artist because he reveals his *idea* plainly and in such a way that you cannot separate the subject from the form. If you like *this* saucepan you will like the picture, and if you like the picture you will like the way the saucepan is painted in it. What is generally forgotten is that the subject-matter of a painting is not the principal object represented, but the whole picture with its foreground, background and the accessories as well as the way it "sits" in its frame. Tonks's "Temptation," subjected to a similar analysis, falls to pieces. There's the title, which obviously has nothing more to do with "Eve's Temptation" than the fact that a female child is offering a male one an apple. Otherwise it shows two children awkwardly placed in respect to one another, and in respect of their relation to the picture area. I see no particular problem solved either in respect of design or tone or colour. Supposing, however, that the solution had been perfect, what is the "idea shining through matter," to quote the famous Hegelian term? It looks as if behind this painting, as behind so many thousands of others executed by the more *serious* painters, such as those of the New English, there was no stronger urge than at most the trying out of studio problems of vision, the public being fobbed off with a title—a sop to Cerberus. And how, indeed, could it be otherwise when the artists themselves had shifted the problems of art from function to form? So, during the last decade of the XIXth and the first decade of this century we had the poor deceived but "educated" public trying to talk the painters' studio jargon of *values* and *tone* and what not, just as since we have the "serious" public and the

"advanced" artists concerning themselves with the "big idea", an idea altogether too big: none other than the materialization of *Ψυχῆ*—"sikey" in plain English—meaning: soul, mind, man, moth, myth, or what you will.

However, that is not the idea the New English was after: in that respect it is now even more conservative than the Royal Academy; in fact, in that sense its idea is negative.

Hence my lament. It seems that for so long now so few painters have come down to brass tacks; have known their job, which is to have a meaning and to have the skill to make their meaning crystal clear—like Muirhead Bone in this show. His subject in this show is "Coventry Cathedral Ruins." It is at once a document and a work of art and an amazing display of craftsmanship. Three hundred years from now this work will be as well understood and as much appreciated as it would have been three hundred years ago. Sir Muirhead has no more dished up his "Ruins" as a problem for the public to inspect and debate than Chardin presented his "saucepan" as a "Fry"-pan. Yet this is not to say that this is the only way to draw; Michelangelo's or Rembrandt's or Ingres', for instance, are quite different ways; but it is to say that the artist must know what he wants to say and how to get what he wants and never mind about *isms*—romantic, classic, realistic, impressionistic, cubistic or frankly "paranoiac."

I find something of the quality of getting what they wanted and knowing how to elsewhere, though not so powerfully in this show—for example, in Ronald Gray's painting of the late Professor Fred Brown's portrait and in N. L. M. Cundall's portrait called "The Good Boy." I think also that Margaret Fisher Prout has achieved in her gay and sunny picture "Tea" something that she meant and knew how to get. Altogether she is seen in this show at her best. Malcolm Milne has in his "Sussex Village" something to say. K. Kemeny, Raymond Kanelba and Robert Buhler are artists of the younger generation whose work one noticed with pleasure, as examples of good painting. But I have no space for further analyses or mention of painters and paintings, few of which are, nevertheless, as good of their kind, as Stanhope Forbes, who has ploughed his own furrow steadily from the very beginning of the New English and is happily still doing so.

With that I must leave the New English to come to another exhibition of good painting, namely, the pictures on view at the Leicester Gallery, by the just mentioned Robert Buhler, and by Lawrence Gowing and Thomas Carr. Theirs is all really *painting*, or, to put it in another way, getting the best out of the medium without showy tricks or flashiness. Carr, one of whose pictures is my choice for the month, is the most spirited and, despite his Belfast origin, obviously quite Irish; that is to say, National. I fear, though, that the reproduction so much reduced and lacking in colour will not do it justice. There is, in addition to tone and colour, a breezy freshness in his atmosphere and a quietly witty comment in the little figures. Buhler and Gowing have, it seems, influenced each other, but I seem to see a French note in their art. Gowing seems to rely more on tone, Buhler on colour, which has something of Bonnard's in its quality.

These three shows have a most entertaining "curtain-raiser" in a collection of paintings and drawings dating

(Continued on page 93)

SPORTING PRINTS: FROM WOODCUTS TO PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION—I

BY GUY PAGET, D.L., F.R.Hist.S.

PRINTS are almost the only medium by which the general public can know anything of sporting art. They have enjoyed more popularity during the last two hundred years amongst all classes than any other school, not only in England but on the Continent.

I know of nothing that will brighten up a dark, gloomy room more than a set of Pollard, Alken, Morland, Cooper-Henderson, Howett, or Reinagle; racing, hunting, farming, coaching, fishing, shooting—to suit all tastes and all purses and most forms of interior decoration. They bring a breath of fresh air into the room and they take us back to happy days or spur us on in the ignoble struggle for filthy lucre with hopes of better things,

well out of my depth, and so went back to school (Art), where printing is a speciality, and came out as wise as I went in. No one could tell me *exactly* how Alken coloured his best aquatints otherwise than by hand. They lent me an excellent book by Mr. Poortenaar of two hundred closely printed pages containing about 100,000 words, 90 illustrations and 43 specimens. It begins: "This little book must be brief, but it could almost assume the size of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" Alas! I must be briefer still!

There are woodcuts. There are mezzo, stipple and aquatints. There are dry point etchings and soft ground etchings, steel engravings and lithographs, all under the heading—Prints.



MORNING: OR THE BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN

Mezzotint in colour

By J. GROZER, after G. MORLAND

when our ship comes home. Their artistic value varies as much as their price. A coloured mezzo-tint by Bell, Ward or Reynolds after Morland, in first state, is as lovely as anything human genius has yet produced, while an aquatint by C. Hunt after F. C. Turner is very near the other extreme—£1,000 to 15.

One striking thing about this English School is, that in spite of being born in the coarse age of Gilray, except for an occasional carouse and a stolen kiss, it relies for its fun on good drawing and clean wit, and is suitable both for the smoking-room and the nursery. Rowlandson and Morland, both townees by the way, reserved their coarseness for their town patrons.

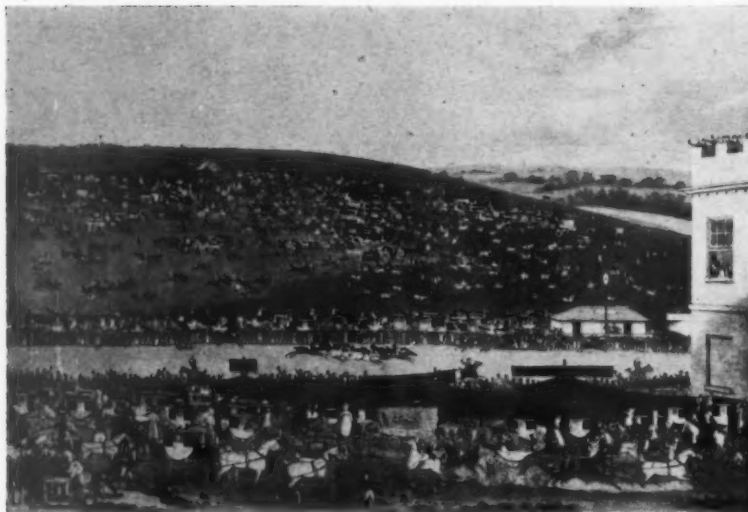
Space does not permit me to go deeply into the various ways in which prints are produced, but a very short note on their production may not be out of place.

This should be easy for one who for years has collected old prints and helped to produce new ones, but I soon found myself

These processes cover all sporting prints up to about 1850. Then came the camera and mass production. No man knows how many different and semi-demi-different processes of reproduction in colour there are to-day, and if he did and wrote them down he would probably be wrong tomorrow. But they have one thing in common. They are reproductions, not productions, their origin being the camera lens, while those enumerated above are the product of the artist's eye and the craftsman's hand. I do not wish to condemn them, many are more beautiful than the hand-made, but they are just reproduction of reproductions.

Printing can be divided into three categories:

1. Relief Prints.
2. Intaglio Print.
3. Plane or Lithographic Prints.



EPSOM DOWNS Hand-coloured Engraving By and after JAMES POLLARD

The photographic processes group on the same principle :

1. Relief Prints—line and half tone.
2. Intaglio—heliogravure flat plate rotary—photogravure.
3. Planographic Prints—callotype ; photo-litho ; offset litho, Pantone, process, etc.

I can say no more about the mechanical printing processes, which are improving every day. They range from *Comic Cuts* in 2-colour to 12 or more colour half-tone process ; from 30 ft. posters to postage stamps.

Woodcuts are the most ancient form of printing, dating from A.D. 900. They, needless to say, came from China. Like many other inventions, the printing press came into being in several places about the middle of the XVth century.

In the earliest printed works whole words, pages and pictures were carved out of wood in reverse, the part to take the ink being in relief to receive the ink, the "whites" being "cut" away. This is the true woodcut and termed relief printing.

Next came the wood engraving. Here the lines are cut or graved out of the wood, the ink forced into them and wiped off the smooth surface. Damp paper is then pressed on the block and sucks out the ink. The deeper the cut, the blacker the line. This is termed intaglio printing.

One form of this process is the mezzotint invented about 1642 by Ludwig von Siegen and Prince Rupert. Some say the Prince discovered this by idly rubbing pictures on the rust of a cannon and then sitting on his handkerchief which he laid by chance over his "picture" to protect his breeches. On rising he found that an impression of his picture had adhered to the linen. Others, that he carried off a portrait of his lady love where such things are not generally worn.

Mezzo is the reverse to all other methods, which are worked from light to dark, while mezzo works from dark to light. That is to say, if you put a newly prepared mezzo plate through the press it would give a completely black surface, while the others would give a completely white one.

A mezzo plate is prepared by rocking or hatching, i.e., by making thousands of burrs all over the plate in every direction until it attains a uniform roughness. The design is then traced on this roughness, the lights being made by taking down the roughness, tones from pitch black to pure white being provided. They can be coloured in the same way as aquatints.

Mezzo is by far the most beautiful and expensive printing process. It takes the engraver many months to finish a single plate and many hours to place the colours on it for each "pull." The smallest mishap may completely ruin a print. The engraver is an artist, not a workman. Many have been elected to the Royal Academy, and frequently receive several hundred pounds for a single plate. The number of good impressions from a copper plate are strictly limited, as it soon wears "flat."

The most usual way of making pictures on metal plates is by graving or biting the lines into the surface of a plate by acid. The plates can be of gold, silver, copper, zinc, wood, stone, rubber, aluminium, linoleum.

To produce a Dry Point a hard shellac varnish, called the ground, is painted over the plate, and the picture scratched on it with an etching pen or stylus. In soft ground etching, instead of a shellac "ground," a soft, tallowy mixture is used. The plate is then placed in an acid bath, until the scratches are bitten to the desired depth. For half-tones or shading, either lines or dots of varying depth and closeness are used. Both can be combined. Where no lines are used and only dots, even for the outline, it is called Stipple. Line engravings are produced on a similar principle, parallel lines being used in the same manner as dots with or without outline. In a few cases the lines, as in wood engraving, are ploughed out of the metal by hand, but is very rare nowadays.

Plane or lithographs are produced generally from stones, but zinc is also used. The process is based on the antipathy of grease and water. One part of the stone's polished surface is drawn on with pen and ink or greasy pencil. The paper being impressed on the stone picks up the ink from the treated portion, the untreated part having rejected the ink for the rollers. The part which is required to be printed red, blue, yellow, etc., being treated on separate stones. These can be printed with or without an outline and the outline printed either on top or bottom according to the kind of ink used. Steel-etching can be coloured by this method. As many as twenty different colour printings may be carried out on one print. The disadvantage of this method is that there is no light and shade of colour, so the result tends to be "flat."



RETURNING FROM ASCOT RACES

Litho

After COOPER-HENDERSON by E. DUNCAN

SPORTING PRINTS

Woodcuts are coloured in the same way, separate blocks being used for each colour.

Aquatints are produced much in the same way as Mezzo, but here the hatching is done by acid instead of a rocker. The plate is dusted with powdered resin and then heated to form the ground. This leaves millions of tiny dots protecting the plate. The part required to be white is then varnished over to protect it from the acid. The plate is then dipped for a few moments and parts unprotected by resin or varnish are slightly bitten, after which the less light tones are protected, and so on, till dead black is obtained. The plate may then be worked up with a scraper to darken and a burnisher to lighten, the same as a mezzotint.

The "ground" can be produced by dissolving the resin in pure alcohol and flooding the plate with it.

It will be seen from these few words how much success depends on the skill and experience of the plate-maker.

Colouring is done by the printer first inking the plate all over with a dabber. The plate is then wiped with a series of canvas cloths. More ink is left on some parts than on others, according to the discretion of the printer. If coloured, the colours are painted on the plate by means of paper stamps, and when all have been filled so as to produce an exact facsimile of the original picture, the plate is polished in the same way as when the foundation ink was wiped off with a cloth, and is usually finished off with the palm of the printer's hand.

The plate now looks perfectly clean, but when passed through a high pressure press it will be found that enough ink has been left to give the required result.

Usually as many as twenty different colours are used. Ink, paper, wiping and pressure of the press all effect the result. This pressure soon deteriorates the plate after about forty impressions.

I am indebted to Messrs. Ackermann, the great producers of Aquatints, for this information.

The Baxter Prints invented early in the XIXth century are no longer made. They required a very great many hand-carved blocks for one picture, a separate block being required for each bit of colour.



DRAWING FOR COVER

Aquatint

After ALKEN by REEVE

The majority of old sporting prints are termed aquatints, and the only difference between many of them and water-colour drawings is that the former are painted over a printed outline and the latter over a pencil outline.

The method by which prints of all kinds, hand-coloured included, were produced, was generally this—the artist drew his picture in oil or water-colour, then he or an etcher copied it on the plate and the etcher would take pulls or proofs until he got one to his and the artist's satisfaction. This was then handed to the colourist, who copied it as near to the pattern as his ability enabled him, either by hand or other process. I possess a Mezzo, "Ralph Lambton on Undertaker," by Charles Turner, after James Ward, R.A., marked in ink in the margin, "Mr. Turner Pattern."

When a large set or a big issue of hand-coloured was being produced, many men were employed. This accounts for the inequality of merit often found in different sets and even in individual pictures of the same set. This also, to a lesser degree, applies to true aquatints.

The wages of a colourist could not have been high, for many books with forty-eight engravings were sold for one or two guineas. The panorama of a fox hunt, eleven feet long, and containing many hundreds of figures, was published in a roll-up case at £1 11s. 6d. If publishers, agents, booksellers, paper- and block-makers received the same proportion as they do to-day, and the artist and author had taken their cut, not much meat would be left over for the colourist. What surprises me is, not that their efforts are so often poor, but that they are sometimes first class. In fact, if the colourists had only signed their work, we would find many names which later became renowned. It was a way to earn bread, if not butter, while waiting for fame.

People often write and ask me the value of a set of prints. My reply is, I can no more value a print without seeing it and knowing its pedigree and condition, than I can a racehorse. One set of six H. Alken Quorn Hunt has been sold for £1,200; and another for 48s. framed! I think the former the cheaper, as it is as certain as anything can be that they were coloured by Alken himself; the latter being a modern pull from the old plates shockingly retouched and coloured by a "dustman."

In many cases it takes a magnifying glass to tell the first-rate print from the original water-colour. The earliest sporting water-colours I have seen are a set of four coursing ones by the elder Wolstenholme (1757-1837), engraved by



PIKE FISHING

Stipple
From the *British Sportsman*

By HOWITT. 1798



A SHOOTING SCENE

Mezzotint

By P. REINAGLE

Reeve in 1807. I bought them for a song thirty years ago in Northampton in very dirty frames and did not discover they were the original drawings until I took them out to clean.

The Wolstenholmes, father and son (1757-1883), used to colour their prints in oils themselves. This has caused the downfall of many a collector, professional as well as amateur, who thought he had secured the original painting in bad condition, only to find them oil coloured prints when he has started to restore them. I have met Morlands treated in the same way. Why oil prints

are ranked so vastly inferior to aquatints I have never understood, and I only wish it had been my good fortune to come across a set of oil Wolstenholmes for sale. A West End dealer, who had fallen for one, refused point-blank to sell them to me at any price.

This is only the very roughest idea of the many processes that exist, and I am well aware that any expert can point to many omissions, but, I hope, few serious errors.

(To be continued)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

PORCELAIN AND POTTERY

A. H. (Knaresborough). Your double pot is certainly a puzzle. I confess I have never seen anything like it. Is it not possibly intended for a coffee pot or percolator? Although not for home use, the Chinese did make coffee pots for the European market.

A fine stoneware, commonly red and *unglazed*, was made at Yi-hsing-hsien, in the province of Kiangsu, from 1506, and this included teapots which were imported by the Portuguese and Dutch in the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries. It was this ware which was imitated by the Elers Brothers.

You do not say whether your pot is pottery or porcelain. I cannot trace the mark you give.

H. James (Norwich). Equestrian figures are extremely rare and expensive. If you intend to confine your collection to these you have set yourself an almost impossible task. Astbury, Whieldon and Ralph Wood mounted figures are to be found in most large museums, but they are very rarely offered for sale, and when they are they command high prices. St. George and the Dragon is probably the group most easily acquired, for this was made in enamel colours as well as in the early translucent glazes. I have seen a model of a horse in pottery, on a flat green stand, remarkably like those wooden horses we knew as children. I have also a vague recollection of a mounted figure in porcelain, but of whose make I have no remembrance.

J. N. (Derby). I have in my possession a small-size tea service of "Loosdrecht" manufacture. The ware is like Meissen

and has a fine rib design impressed in the paste. Decoration: small sprays of finely painted flowers in Chantilly or Sèvres style, with green swags round perimeters of cups and saucers and top and bottoms of the other pieces. Slightly gilded. Mark M.o.L. in blue on each piece. Also scratched in paste on some.

Loosdrecht was a Dutch Potter of no special distinction. If the service is Delft, the value will tend to be less than if otherwise. A valuer's name has been sent you by post.

J. C. R. (Bagshot). Thank you for your letter telling me the result of your enquiry at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Honey had written very kindly to tell me that your bowl was from the factory of Carl Thieme, of Potschappel, near Dresden, a firm founded in 1875. I am very glad you have been successful in your enquiry.

Brookes (Chesham). I am sorry I cannot name the maker of your porcelain tureen; but it is certainly not Derby, as you suggest. It appears to be a hard paste, and, I think, not very old. I did think it might be New Hall, but reject this solution on further consideration. It is probably the production of a more or less modern factory.

Pickford (Brighton). Coal for firing kilns does not appear to have been used before the second half of the XVIIIth century. In 1753, Mr. Henry Delamain, of Abbey Street, Dublin, tried to obtain a reward from the English Parliament for his discovery that coal could so be used; and his claim appears to have been supported by certain potters. In a letter dated December, 1753, he states: "It answers all our wishes and not a bit of ware was smoked, but all white, and better glazed than ever you saw it done with wood or turf."

H. B. L.

(Continued on page 106)

THE FRENCH BOOK IN WAR-TIME

I—SWITZERLAND

BY ILSE COHNEN

IT has been the aim of the writer of these lines to give a general survey of French "éditions de luxe" as they have been published since the beginning of the present war. This task, however, proved premature, for the material is scattered to such an extent that we have to limit the field of our studies to but one country. The study is far from complete, for many works are still inaccessible. But the books reproduced here are exquisite in taste and faultless in technique.

The entire liberation of the Continent will enable us to extend our research in the field of contemporary book production far beyond Europe, and we hope to review at intervals the progress made in France and the French Empire, in the Anglo-Saxon countries, in Portugal, and Middle and South America.

Before entering on the subject of Swiss éditions de luxe, I beg to express my gratitude to the librarian of the French Government in London, M. Roujou, and to M. J. de Rham, of the Swiss Legation, in London, for their generous help in compiling, and kind permission to photograph, the material.

Our indebtedness to the Swiss publishers is great. They have throughout the past five years watched over the continuity of European life and letters. Switzerland will have her full share in the resumption and development of aesthetic and civilized functions of the Continent.

The diversity of languages spoken on Helvetic territory necessitate, for most works, a triple edition: German, French and Italian. This obligation stimulates national book production. Swiss publications in the French language are particularly numerous. This fact holds the promise that in the period of reconstruction France will regain her rightful place in European arts and crafts, science and learning.

"Editions de luxe" are still existing in times of war, although the rich leather bindings with which we were familiar from France have disappeared. Ornament and illustration are restricted, and it is the typographical arrangement that presents the main interest in modern book production.

Contemporary Swiss masters, who have always been leading in Europe, invoke ancient precedent for their inspiration in type design. They excel in clear spacing of lines and words, and proper position of the page on paper. The latter has become an element of artistic and scientific research. The atmosphere created by a perfect lay-out should make the public type-conscious again, because printing, in our times, is regarded as a means of conveying a message, instead of helping to make an impression upon the mind of the reader.



Fig. I. ANTHOLOGIE, in two volumes of great simplicity and external elegance; bound in half vellum and red boards

Some Swiss publishing companies, formerly established in Paris, have set up their presses at home and continue the fine work begun in the adopted country. Thus Albert Skira, who from Geneva again delights his many admirers with "Le Livre Des Saisons" from "Les Trésors de la Peinture Française," Vol. I, size fol., printed and published in 1942. These publications reproduce miniatures and illuminations of the XIVth and XVth centuries and belong to the Bibliothèque Nationale and to the Bibliothèque de L'Arsenal in Paris. Germain Bazin wrote the comment to these delicate editions, describing the life of the mediæval citizen, who never lost contact with Nature. Architecture of that period, dress, the soft shades of green and blue are fascinating. In "L'Ecole Parisienne," of which the original MSS. belong to the Nationale and the Louvre, the same edition reproduces scenes from mediæval life, that most brilliant period of French history. Initials in gold and silver, interspersed with small floral ornament, are set against a slight cream-coloured paper, reflecting grace and refinement of civilization, perfection of Gothic art and a deep respect for tradition.

Excellent examples of straightforward typography and an immense progress in photography can be noticed from the "Collection de Livres sur la Suisse," in which the Editions Jean Marguerat of Lausanne have published since 1941 reproductions of national art treasures, winter and summer landscape, ironwrought gates, flowers and animals, furniture of the various cantons: "Le Valais," by Maurice Zermatten, in cream-coloured linen, the text printed in red. "Nos 4 mille mètres," a series of mountain pictures, edelweiss, sheep, in a similar cover, text in royal blue letters of medium-sized roman type, extremely

clear and pleasing to the eye. In the same collection appeared in 1942 "Genève," with comment by Paul Chaponnière, for which the photographs were taken by Benedikt Rast. The book is edited with the same care, is distinguished and substantial, a guide to travellers desirous to acquaint themselves with the churches of the Reformation period, with the Lake Lemman and its incomparable lights, and an aesthetic pleasure to the citizen. "L'Engadine," Terra Ladina, was also published in this collection; photos by Michael Wolgensinger, accompanying text by Hermann Hiltbrunner. It was issued, and reached these shores, in 1944. Fields of wheat, chalets, churches, simple scenes of life, mountains, fill its pages, and it is hoped that these publications will soon be made available to a wider public, to encourage travelling and to show that a work of utility might at the same time be a work of art.

Nature and circumstances of book production—and collection—carried out under very different conditions of literature than prevailed before the war, render comparison of luxury editions impossible. But the very contrast will in itself be interesting, and in the following illustrations will be shown that the Continental exuberance is now sobered by decorative restraint and not very far away from the elegant designs of the XVIth century, while their originality remains independent.

The most apparent phenomenon in Swiss "éditions de luxe" remains the variety of French poetry volumes, both contemporary and classical. For verse expressed the spirit of unconquerable France; in the Classics mankind finds new sources of hope and energy. Beauty emerges from these pages (Fig. I). La Guilde du Livre, in Lausanne, has published in 1942 this "Anthologie" in 2 vols., of great simplicity and therefore of extreme elegance. The Albert Kundig Presses at Geneva are responsible for the Elzevier letters. The binding in half vellum and red boards was entrusted to Maison Blanchod, of Lausanne. Margins are as lavish as in monastic MSS. The text is printed on vellum from the Papeteries de Landquart. The edition is a limited one, the copies numbering 1718 and 3067. This collection of poems can be claimed as representative, although the editor, C. F. Ramuz, deplores the fact not to have been able to draw from foreign libraries. It covers the period from the XVIth to the XXth centuries in all its forms, from prayer to the refinement of vision and reflection of Paul Valéry. The value of this anthology is increased by the inclusion of some fragments of Huguenot poetry, scarce, and hitherto unknown outside Switzerland.

From Lausanne also comes a slender volume of "Poésies. Un coup de dés. Vers de circonstances," by Stéphane Mallarmé, published Aux Editions du Grand Chêne, Henri Kaeser, 1943. Its lay-out may be called eccentric; the spacing is done in an individual way, leaving much white on the page:

SOIT
 que l'Abîme
 blanchi
 étale
 furieux
 sous une inclinaison
 plane désespérément
 d'aile
 la science
 par . . .

This movement of spacing is almost Surrealist. The white strikes the eye, as if imposing silence. Those few words reproduced above occupy almost one-third of the page. The headlines, as well as the numbers on the pages, are in red. The text accompanying the poems begins on the last third of the page and continues on the first part of the following page. This luxurious setting-up is very restful, and gives an impression of how far individualism in printing can be carried without endangering the harmony of the book. Here is another example of how to make the outside of a volume harmonious with the inside. The dark cream colour of the paper, called Ingres, is an imitation of the ancient vellum. "La Colombe," by Pierre Emmanuel, was issued by Editions de la Librairie de l'Université de Fribourg in 1942 and is the original edition. Albert Kundig, of Geneva, here again designed the medium-sized edge decorations and headed the various chapters of the book with dark pink initials. A similar shade is used for the cover, the title of which is printed in white capitals. We reproduce (Fig. II) the title-page. The simplicity of its typographical arrangement, set against a thick, fibrous sort of blotting paper, befits "La Colombe," in which Pierre Emmanuel teaches that although shaken to the depth of our soul by the horrors of warfare, servitude and persecution, we must think of constructive beauty for a future worthy of man.

Other Swiss towns are active in the line of book production, and we were fortunate to inspect a

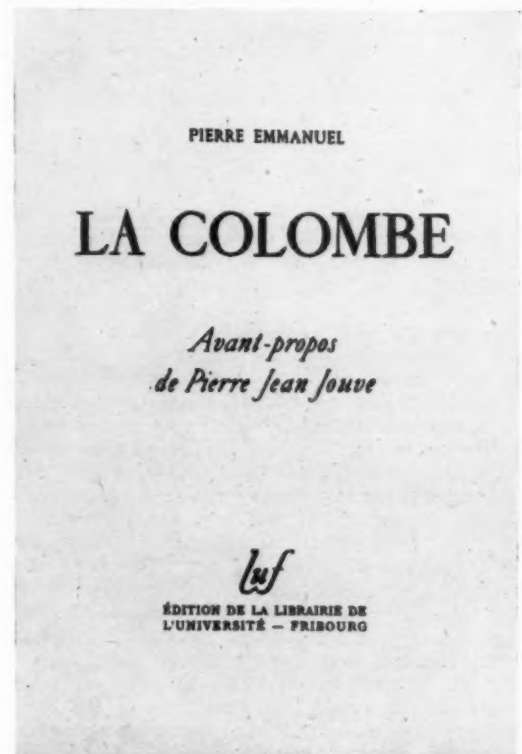


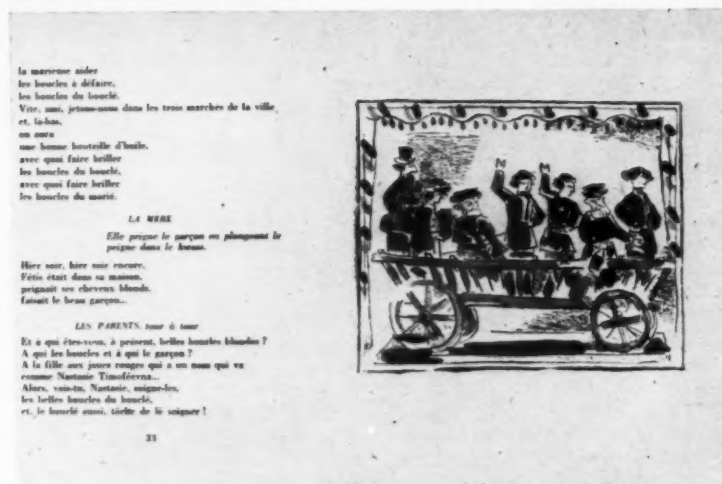
Fig. II. Title-page. The typographical arrangement throughout the book is set against a thick fibrous dark cream paper

THE FRENCH BOOK IN WAR-TIME



Fig. III. Three series of "Cahiers du Rhône." Those in white covers, as in "Poésie et vérité," 1942, comprise general literature. In red, as in "Prière d'Abraham," for poetry only, and the blue series, as in Henri Bergson, is devoted to philosophy and present-day problems

Fig. IV. A page from "Noces" et autres histoires d'après, le texte de Igor Strawinsky," produced on magnificent snow-white smooth thick paper, with hand-coloured illustrations in radiant blue, yellow, green and red



Il n'est ni dernière parole, la seule que vous ayez (2)
mal vu, et il est un peu d'un dedans, sous
la voix de l'histoire quand l'infant et vous
en avez (et il avait même une petite loi,
qui n'est pas un monde, mais il y est venu pour
l'autre) : alors il en sera cet être qui le porte de
votre dedans.

C'est un peu que ne compte pas (pour le, celui). Vous
serez un être qui ne sera pas, vous l'avez, et
l'autre sera un être qui ne sera pas, et après
un dernier regard peut-être en sera un être.

Mais vous en avez, vous aussi, peut-être je suis en être
même.

Il me semblait que je n'avais rien fait le temps,
et tout le temps vous saviez à côté de moi, et
même, tout le temps, de la grande robe, l'écou
qui de fait fut lors de votre village et vous que ce
ne fut pas de tout votre pays.

Tout le temps, pendant que les années passaient
(un il y en avait encore) et la seule langue des
hommes à visage humain l'un à nos oreilles,
tout le temps, quand même, venait cette robe,
et les choses qui nous ont dit, en



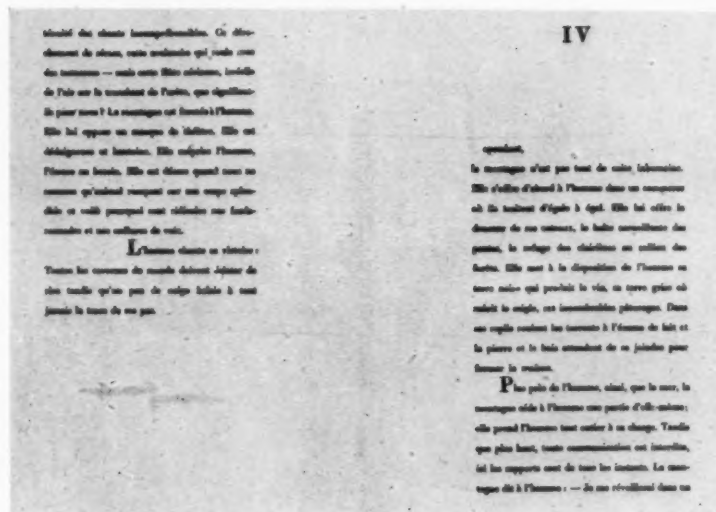
Fig. V. Two pages from "Adieu à beaucoup de personnes," by C. F. Ramuz. An experiment in reproducing the author's handwriting in facsimile. Pencil drawings by René Auberjonois

Fig. VI. Pages from "L'Escalier dans le mur," by Maurice Zermatten. The layout is of classical elegance comparable with ancient documents on parchment. The chapter endings are ornamented with large letters in blue, horizontally arranged. Initial letters are in blue, the chapter numbers crossed by fine blue line

volume of "Ides poétiques," called "En Français Dans le Text," by the French poet Louis Aragon, coming from the "Editions Ides et Calendes," of Neuchâtel. It is a limited copy, No. 328, printed on beige-coloured laid paper (papier vergé). Typography is conservative in this book. The paragraphs of two or four and five lines each are headed by capital letters. The book is divided in three sections. Half-parchment is used for the publisher's binding. It has a cellophane dust-cover, given to practically all éditions de luxe, a mode made necessary in war-time and brought from Anglo-Saxon countries.

In 1942 there was started a new venture in the realm of literature. The "Cahiers du Rhône" came into existence at the Editions de la Baconnière in Neuchâtel. This most laudable enterprise has for its aim to make known to the widest circle of readers works of all description: verse, essays, diaries, novels, plays, short stories, written by French authors, dispersed in countries under oppression, in exile and captivity. These "Cahiers du Rhône" (Fig. III) comprise three series, blue, white and red, distinguished in style, yet printed on a less fine paper from which war restrictions can be detected. They also are limited editions, but more popular, more easily to be handled and consulted than the afore-studied bibliophile editions, suitable rather for collecting than every-day use. Since 1942, 50 volumes have been published, and our reproduction here represents one of each series, beginning with "Poésie et Vérité 1942," by the French poet, Paul Eluard, known to English readers as having been a leading figure in the Surrealist movement. This paper-bound book of the white series is devoted to poetry only, and our copy reproduces "Prière d'Abraham," by Pierre Emmanuel. It appeared in August, 1943, published with utmost care as regards typography. "Les cahiers bleus" are given to philosophy and comment on present-day problems. The one we reproduce was compiled in memory of the great contemporary French philosopher, Henri Bergson: "Essais et Témoignages recueillis par Albert Béguin," general editor of the "Cahiers du Rhône." The latest venture in this collection is a blue volume, publishing exclusively poems and literary essays—some of them brilliant—by prisoners of war in Germany, Switzerland, keeping the humanitarian ideal burning, thereby becomes a foyer of hope and courage for those temporarily deprived of their freedom.

Here is a delightfully amateurish publication from "Ides et Calendes" in Neuchâtel, 1943: "Noces" et



autres histoires d'après le texte de Igor Strawinsky. Edition originale." The illustrations in Russian peasant style by the composer's son Theodore (Fig. IV) are hand-coloured in radiant blue, yellow, green and red. They show, on magnificent snow-white pre-war paper, the thick, yet smooth surface of which brings out wonderfully the colours, icons, saints and country scenes, illustrating the underlining text to Igor Strawinsky's music. Credit for this lovely edition goes to C. F. Ramuz. The cradle songs and legends, dating from 1916 and 1917, were dictated by the famous Russian composer to Ramuz, who, on the shores of Lake Lemán, at Morges, took infinite care to render them into French, safeguarding as much as was in his power their original character.

In a previous illustration (Fig. V) we have the experiment of a book published in facsimile of the author's handwriting, and producing the effect of a diary, written in black ink, with all its corrections and marginal annotations. A lovely, joyful thing to handle, nearly a toy, were it not for the serious tenor of its contents: in "Adieu à beaucoup de personnes," Lausanne, 1942, Editions H. L. Mermod, 18 pp., on linen paper, the well-known Swiss writer, C. F. Ramuz, deplores the death or departure to foreign parts of the world of friends and dear ones who have shared many years of his life. His souvenirs express fine and deep nostalgia for days gone by while describing the simple folk of his native canton, of his country, their old-fashioned views and attire, their language and customs. The exquisite book, in a dark blue paper cover, is enriched by pencil drawings of René Auberjonois.

Concluding this article, we want to emphasize that experimenting in horizontal application of single letters makes "L'Escalier dans le mur" (Fig. VI), by Maurice Zermatten worth studying. Its style and typographical arrangement are familiar to us from German book production of the nineteen-thirties, and which was carried further in the United States of America. F. Roth, of Lausanne, published this volume in 1942, and it appeals because of its "chic."

(Continued on page 103)

HINTS ON COLLECTING ANTIQUES—Part VI REPRODUCTIONS AND RESTORATIONS

BY LT. COL. SIDNEY G. GOLDSCHMIDT



Fig. I. THE HALL AT KERFIELD HOUSE, showing the reproduced Chippendale cabinet "in the Chinese Taste." On the right is one of the two reproduced Chippendale étagères to match

I NOW have to deal with "reproductions" and with their near relations "restorations," and because in a photograph it is often not possible to differentiate between them and the genuine "period piece," I must leave this article only sparsely illustrated. I wish it to be understood that I do not include "fakes" under the head of reproductions or restorations. A true reproduction is as far above a fake as a genuine piece in mint condition is above a reproduction. And there is this to bear in mind: if a fake and a true reproduction start life together, the latter will overtake the former and will be the first to reach the dignity and beauty of age. The early youth of a fake will be spent in shedding the stain and even the dirt that have been used to give it the look of spurious antiquity, and then only will it begin to mellow.

The difficulties in making reproductions are many. Firstly, there is the rarity of fine wood, whether it is mahogany, walnut, yew, oak or satinwood, to say nothing of the rarer sorts such as sabel, amboyna, or harewood, all of which had their place in fine XVIIIth century furniture, especially in that of the later period. Veneers present another difficulty, and when found are sure to be knife cut, and as thin as paper, the old-fashioned and more

substantial saw-cut veneers being practically unobtainable. Then, also, the skilled cabinet-makers are getting fewer and fewer, and those still working are growing very old. Fourthly, it is almost impossible to reproduce anything like the effect of the old polish, for the simple reason that it is such a slow process that it would make the reproduction too dear—in fact, dearer in most cases than the genuine pieces obtainable to-day. A reproduction is not worth while unless it is an economic proposition. Therefore only the finest and rarest specimens are worth reproducing.

I have been a collector of genuine antique furniture all my life, nevertheless I have had reproductions made for various reasons. It has been a matter of great interest to see how nearly XVIIIth century workmanship can be approached and to watch a certain piece made. But I have always chosen a design never, or, at all events, rarely to be met with in everyday life, and even in the life of an ardent seeker after rarities. Fig. I is a case in point. It had always been a matter of curiosity for me to see, not only what the great cabinet in Chippendale's book "in the Chinese taste" looked like in the flesh, but also to see it grow out of mahogany planks. So when a friend asked me to find him a piece of furniture to fill a



Fig. II. A MIRROR FRAME carved in lime wood and gilded in the style of Chippendale

have been of lime or sycamore. Whilst in my possession the three pieces housed part of my collection of Chinese porcelain, and when I went to a smaller house I sold all three pieces to one of the leading London dealers. This man told me that he had only once before seen a cabinet of this design, but in this case a genuine piece, and it had been double and designed to stand in the middle of a room. He had found it impossible for a long time to interest anyone in it, and he was just contemplating having it sawn down the middle to make it into two, when a customer turned up for it. The carving on my cabinet was too delicate to share a house with a boisterous young family and the glue-pot was too often required. There was, of course, no attempt at faking; in fact, it would have been the height of folly to do so. In the first place, the old mahogany was of a most pleasing colour right through (Colorado Claro describes it), and to wax and rub such delicate carving was out of the question; in fact, dusting with a feather brush was all that was allowed.

I once made an attempt to have the wardrobe, illustrated on page 66 in the March issue, matched. This copy was to be a companion piece, the exterior to be exactly the same—but it was to have real drawers and two small cupboards in the lower half. I was abroad most of the time while it was being made, so not only did I miss the interest of supervising the work, but I had no check on either the selection of the wood or the workmanship. When I saw the finished job I nearly laughed, so far short did it fall of the original. The cock beads were a fraction of an inch too coarse. The wood of the drawer fronts, although quite fine mahogany, was solid instead of being veneered. The locks, hinges and keys were common and of poor quality, the drawer linings, it is true, were of oak, but were just twice as thick as they should have been, and altogether every bit of the refinement with which the XVIIIth century cabinet-maker would have endowed the piece, was absent. In plain English, where the XVIIIth century spared no expense or trouble, the reproducer had made great efforts to cheapen his task. So I just shuddered and got rid of it as soon as I could.

wide wall space, I suggested to him that he should commission a great Edinburgh cabinet-maker whom I knew, to undertake the making, not only of this magnificent cabinet, but also of the two étagères, one of which can be seen on the left in Fig. I. The wood used was Spanish mahogany, and that, I think, was the initial mistake, as I shall show later. As the three pieces eventually became mine (actually I exchanged them for a hunter), I had the opportunity of judging what they were like to live with. For the wood we used dining-table tops of the hardest mahogany, and the carving was beautifully executed by a young Frenchman who had studied and almost acquired the Chippendale touch. He also carved the frame in Fig. II. The only mistakes in the cabinet appeared where the carver had rung the changes with astrigals and borders which were intended to be alternatives and not variations. Gradually it dawned on me that the original design had been intended to be carried out in lacquer, probably in black relieved by touches of gold. Red, green or other coloured lacquer might have been too gaudy to show off the contents well. In this instance the foundation would probably



Fig. III. A LONG CASE CLOCK in red lacquer with gilt decoration, elaborately restored

My final experiment at reproduction was an elaborately carved knee-hole writing desk which I took to my office, a dusty place where it would mellow more quickly: I was not allowed to bring it home because of its over-elaboration. The carving was by the same Frenchman, but the cabinet-maker had not been equal to the task of reproducing the fine dove-tails, which were too few and too coarse. This piece might almost be called a "fake," as genuine old drawer frames had been used, saw-cut veneers, old locks, handles and keys.

Fig. III can be described as a "border-line case," and I leave it to readers to decide whether it comes under the head of a reproduction or a restoration. The clock case was of pine and there were only the merest traces of the original red lacquer left. But an idea of what the design had been could just be traced, and a clever artist reproduced it, or restored it, if this description is preferred. This disappeared in the Christmas blitz, 1942.

To what extent restoration is permissible and when a restoration removes a piece out of the category of genuine antique is a delicate question. With furniture the latitude allowed is usually wide, because often wood can be matched so as to be unnoticeable except to the expert. Collectors of china are, however, more exacting, and cracks, chips and repairs are not tolerated. I knew a repairer so skilful that he reckoned to be able to deceive any except the most experienced and observant. At an "Arts and Crafts" exhibition he installed himself at a small bench, where he sat, looking picturesque in a smock, repairing china for the general public to watch. He further had in a glass case a "Toby" jug, with a notice that there was to be a reward of £5 to anyone who could distinguish between the original pot and the paste these repairers use to replace broken or missing parts. The reward was not won, however, because no one got the right answer. There was no original pot, the whole jug being composition and the repairer's own work.

So this question of restoration with which guarantees are so intimately wrapped up is, I suppose, a matter of degree, but it is entirely unhelpful to deal with it—as I have known it done—on the lines of Euclid's "*reductio ad absurdum*." On the one hand there may be, for example, such a matter as the reproduction and replacement of a broken chair leg, and as the other extreme the building of a chair on to a genuine chair back. I choose this example because I once had to arbitrate on a guarantee given on such a chair. Actually my opinion is that in either instance an *unqualified* guarantee is not permissible.

I do not think that even a guarantee of "genuine antique" should be given, as it so often is, if wooden knobs are replaced by brass handles, even if there is no disfiguring mark left. Dealers' ideas vary somewhat in the matter of guarantees, and the unfortunate buyer does not realize that there are sometimes qualifications to the genuineness until he, or his heirs, come to sell the piece.

In the instance mentioned above, when I examined the chair in the would-be seller's workshop, and pointed out the folly of giving an unqualified guarantee on a piece he had himself "restored," saying that surely by now he had found that honesty was the best policy," he replied: "That's all very well, but I has my living to get."

CURRENT SHOWS AND COMMENTS

(Continued from page 82)

mostly from the first half of the XIXth century. There are no great masterpieces in it; on the contrary, but some paintings of great art-historical interest. For example, "Breaking of the Ice on the Thames at Chelsea," 1876, by Cecil Lawson, a painter who had a great reputation in his short life (1851-1882). He has the distinction of having been admired by two Frenchmen, Chesneau in 1885, and again by Leroy in 1939. Incidentally, the picture with which he made his debut was called "Ice on the River"; could it have been an earlier version of the present one, or is the date here wrong? It certainly is less *romantic* than his "August Moon" in the Tate. There is a charming picture of a Regency Lady with a green parasol by A. E. Chalon; a portrait of the Duke of Wellington, by J. Prescott Knight, R.A., the now little known painter of the "Waterloo Banquet." The gem of this collection, however, is a picture called "Death of Miss Bathurst—sister of the Earl of Bathurst—in the River Tiber near Rome, March 16th, 1824," surely one of the "jolliest" Tragedies ever painted. The picture is full of unconscious humour, the tragedy being relieved by the fact that the drowning lady had an allegory of Time and Fame and other figures whose significance I failed to solve, to console her, whilst a would-be rescuer apparently gave up the attempt before it was too late—for him, and a lady and gentleman in the height of the fashion of the day rushing up in great alarm. The lady artist's name—I'm sure it was a *lady*—was Serafina Cavalo.

I was only in time to see the last of L. S. Lowry's pictures at the Lefevre Galleries, sufficient to prove that this, I believe at one time, "Sunday artist" has grown in strength, that is to say, in his ability to say what he wants to say and what he wanted in that respect has been worth while from the beginning; and he has scored by not caring about Art. His is a peculiar case: if he knew more about drawing in Tonks's sense he would make more mistakes than he does now; nature would, in Fuseli's words, "put him out." Lowry's ideas shine clearly and modestly through his matter. He sets out to give us a portrait of "nature" not dreamt of before the industrial revolution: "The Industrial Landscape," to wit, and within it the "horizons" of the industrial populace. Now this is infinitely more worth while than the hundreds and thousands of landscapes which either give us topographical and meteorological records with more or less skill, or attempt hopelessly to recreate in us the mood of nature.

The exhibition of Fred Uhlmann's Recent Paintings was not yet opened at the Redfern Gallery when I called, so I cannot refer to individual exhibits. Suffice it to say that this Continental artist seems to be becoming a definite acquisition for the English School with his interpretations of our Townscapes. There are affinities with Utrillo and signs that he has interested himself in John Piper's "textures"; both of these are matters for regret rather than congratulation, however. One wants to see what he himself has to say.

And here we are again on the slippery slope of New English "seriousness" in its modern phase, that is to say, the heresy of *technique* considered apart from the *idea*.

PICASSO S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE

BY HERBERT FURST

"PICASSO s'en va-t-en guerre"—which stands for the announcement recently made in the newspapers—that the leader of the "Modern Movement" has gone to the theatre of war. *Now we shall see.*

But before going further, let me say that I think Perspex owes an apology to the writer in *The Listener* whom he recently quoted as saying, in reference to Picasso's "Crucifixion" that the artist was, he thought, "visualizing an effect of hallucination and confusion which in all probability would have turned into a picture of figures on the seashore if he had not been fascinated by the demonstrative genius of the XVIth century German painter Grünewald. . . ." In spite of the fact that this explanation sounds like lunacy, it is in all probability nothing other than a rational interpretation of Picasso's processes of thought. "Whilst I work," Picasso is alleged to have said, "I take no stock of what I am painting on the canvas." "That may account for it all," some will perhaps exclaim. I am not a psycho-analyst and prejudiced against anyone who professes, in effect, that he knows that he doesn't know what he is doing. To have lost one's reason is a terrible thing, terrible because the word *lost* implies that it still is, is still somewhere, and that the loser cannot find it; but to put it away deliberately—and this is what Picasso owns up to by his words—in order to recover it at will, is surely playing with fire. "Every time I begin a picture I feel as though I were throwing myself into the void. I never know if I shall fall on my feet again. It is only later I begin to evaluate more exactly the result of my work." So Picasso, according to his biographer, M. Zervos, quoted in Herbert Read's "Art Now." This at first rather tremendous sounding admission, is, on second thoughts, the common experience of all *creators* who, as such, necessarily throw themselves, i.e., project their mind into "the void," i.e., the room for their new work. But what is this "evaluation" if not a logical and intellectual process, which, it seems, Picasso calls in after the event. So why, one wonders, this complication? Why not keep reason at the helm from the start of the adventure? Of course one may not arrive where one expected to land; but Columbus would not have discovered America if he had thrown himself into the void; if he had not, in fact, carefully reasoned and prepared for reaching India in the reverse direction. "I never know if I shall fall on my feet again," hence Picasso's attacks of "anguish." For what if the day comes when he "evaluates" that he has not fallen on his feet? Of course we should not know, as we do not know now whether he is standing on his feet or his head, balancing on an arm or a leg, except that we—or some of us, at least—can see that he sometimes achieves a balance, without which evidence it would not be art. So there is "something in it"; but whether that something more than the evident balance has the remotest resemblance to that which was in his mind we do not know, and it seems he cannot tell us, because all "words" are based on a convention, on a common language.

Now why all this abstruse musing? Because Picasso's and all "modernistic" art is consciously and

à outrance abstruse. That is to say, it shuns and therefore avoids all traffic with any common denominator—in spoken language with normal meanings, and relations of words; in art the normal relation of forms to content—avoids them at all costs. "Things seen as everybody can see them," as Gertrude Stein, his "modernistic" exegete, tells us of one period in his life "nearly dominated him, and to avoid this, avoid being conquered by this for the first time in his life, and twice since, he stopped painting, he ceased speaking as he knew how to speak, writing as he knew how to write, with drawings and with colour." Logically all this seems to mean that he did not know how to express himself normally; but I don't think Gertrude quite meant that; what she meant was that he recognized the truth that he *did* "see things as everybody else can see them," and if he had allowed this knowledge to gain the upper hand there would have been an end of Picasso; so to save his reputation he had either to stop, or to go on "speaking" his own language. Or, again in Gertrude's lingo: "As I have said and as I have repeated, the character, the vision of Picasso is like himself, it is Spanish and he does not see reality as all the world sees it, so that he alone amongst the painters did not have the problem of expressing the Truths that all the world can see, but the Truths that he alone can see, and that is not the world the world recognizes as the world . . . he always in his life is tempted, as a saint can be tempted, to see things as he does not see them. . . ."

It's all as clear as crystal—or isn't it? I confess it alarms me; not because I think it is all nonsense, but because of its deliberate obfuscations. Or are they not deliberate? So many learned and other people take it all so seriously. It is not only that Picasso's pictures are fetching, as I have been assured, millions of francs in Paris now, millions for "Truths" which, according to Gertrude, "he alone can see"; it goes more deeply. It is that philosophy and science have now joined theology in an onslaught in our most precious possession, our faith in reason; so that there is now no point that marks the descent from reason to unreason. We never know now when we are mentally "below zero." That may, of course, itself be an absolute Truth; but if man robs himself of his one belief that he is a rational animal, he has ceased to be a human being—*homo sapiens*.

Well, now this Spaniard who, as Miss Stein tells us, does not see "reality as all the world sees it because his vision is Spanish," has gone to the theatre of war, as a spectator. What will be the outcome, the result of this, one wonders. His "Guernica" has perhaps given us a foretaste of that; and, as I have myself confessed before, I *do* see something in that very odd picture; I see agony, terror, rage and, above all, madness in it; but there it is all rationally justifiable. Never, I suppose, in the whole history of man has so much agony, terror, rage and madness been crowded into so small a space of time. If, therefore, the beholder "empties himself," an ugly phrase once used by Picasso, it seems, and repeated *ad nauseam et absurdum* by Gertrude, of all prejudice and all preconceptions, he can perhaps see something of that

which Miss Stein calls Picasso's "reality." But one's faith in this is a little shaken because "Guernica" incorporates modifications of ideas which had been anticipated in a picture called "Minotauromachy," and which also includes a ladder and apparently a figure of Christ mounting it, rather like the naked figures of a naked Christ one occasionally—though rarely—finds in primitive art—of which more later. At any rate, if this "Minotauromachy" symbolizes man's inhumanity as does "Guernica," then that would not be at all "Spanish."

Picasso had a famous compatriot and predecessor who in his *Desastres* left us a record of what he, too, had seen as a spectator in another, but comparable, theatre of war. He later collected this record and justified it under the slogan "Yo lo vi." I have seen this. But Goya leaves us in no doubt that had we been there we, too, would have seen what he had seen, or something very similar; for he has expressed it in the language of our eyes, only, of course, much better than we—not being artists—could have done. Goya, however, had also published a series of etchings, called *Caprichos*, *Caprices*, with the covering title: *El sueño de la razón produce monstruos*—"the dream of reason gives birth to monstrosities." Now many of these *Caprices* are indeed both monstrous and unintelligible; they seem to me to have issued from a state of mind which Picasso apparently deliberately induces, a trance which he regards as a kind of ecstasy which he can only *evaluate* when he has recovered from it. Goya has, however, left us an explanation of his *Dreams* in a manuscript commentary written in French. This says: "La fantaisie sous la raison produit de monstrosités; unies elles enfantent les vrais artistes et créent des merveilles"; which I take to mean that with the fantasy "on top" of reason it creates monstrosities, but when they are united they bring forth the artist and create marvels. In any case, Goya had elsewhere explained that he sometimes worked "to occupy my imagination become morbid through brooding over my misfortunes." He, at least, sought to apologize for his temporary lapses from reason.

Goya, however, had not read Freud, so he would not know the great significance of "monstrosities" and their superiority over normal phenomena. I have not read Freud either—like most people, and it appears that those who have say he is wrong, which, of course, proves nothing one way or the other: "In this life all is true and all is lies," which is very probable and also very Spanish, since it is the title of a play by another famous countryman of Picasso's—Calderon. But even if there is really no difference between the Truth and the Lie that is not our business; for us there is and there must be. And so I come to what I have been wanting to say, though, like Picasso himself, I did not know when I began this article that I should find it.

It is just this. So far as I can make out Picasso has seen a great deal of Art, but I can find no evidence that he has ever seen Life—face to face. He must have done, of course, but it seems to have left no mark on his art. If, like Goya, he can say *Io lo vi*, his *lo*, his *that*, seems always to have been some work of art. Thanks to the Curator of the Gallery of Art Interpretation in Chicago (what a comment the existence of such an institution on the parlous state of art is!), we have a compilation of

documentary evidence of the things Picasso has seen and how these things have influenced him in his many and occasionally baffling "periods."

Let me give the reader just a few specimens from this dossier—Early Paris Period: Manet, Renoir, Toulouse Lautrec, Degas; "Blue" Period: The *Divino* Morales, French Sculpture, XIIth and XIVth centuries; Spanish Sculpture, XIIth and XIVth centuries; "Rose" Period: Assyrian Sculpture, VIIIth century B.C., Greek Sculpture, Vth century B.C. . . . and so on, until he goes still further afield and seeks "inspiration" or whatever it is that he seeks from Seurat-cum-Persian Pottery-cum *Douanier* Rousseau inspiration for what he calls "Synthetic Cubism," or from German VIIIth century Cloisonné enamel cum-Ivory Coast mask-cum Eskimo mask inspiration for his Surrealist period—and so on and on. Now a specimen from the same dossier of the kind of dialectic with which Picasso's methodless method is supported. Under the reproduction of the Eskimo wood mask which, apart from a wildly distorted mouth with prominent teeth, shows two elliptic openings, one in the place of a nostril, the other in that of an eye, and a third pierced by something that looks like a spearhead, we read: "There is typical primitive insistence that nostril and eye are of the same origin and purpose. Two similar orifices seem to say: two eyes or two nostrils. It indicates a master artist's freedom of speech." Well, it seems to me just simple nonsense, and why should only a master artist enjoy freedom of speech? Freedom of speech is, alas, no corrective of faultiness of mind. In another very interesting American publication, "Fantastic Art Dada Surrealism," there is reproduced an "Object assembled and mounted by a psychopathic patient." The object apparently consists of a large frame enclosing five smaller frames, each containing an arrangement of such heterogeneous things as buttons, curtain rings, pen nibs, skeins of wool, pins, pencils and so forth—all united into what seems a perfectly good design, and whoever the patient was it is clear that he was possessed of considerable *aesthetic* sensibility. But what else does it signify? Some kind of psychopathy? At any rate there is something wrong with the *soul* of such a work of art. Similarly, I feel that for all the *aesthetic* sensibility Picasso's art has, and although I do not think that he is a "psychopathic patient," there is to me always something wanting, something akin to the soul. In some indirect way Gertrude seems to confirm my impression, even although one comes near to discovering a "soul" in his "Guernica." But, says Gertrude: "The soul of people does not interest him." And so even of the "Guernica" she asserts: "It was not the events themselves that were happening in Spain which awoke Picasso, but the fact that they were happening in Spain. . . ."

Now, if the report can be credited, Picasso is off to the theatre of war, and the war is not in Spain, and, it seems, "the events themselves" will therefore have no significance for him, other than, perhaps, the Eskimo mask, or the German Cloisonné enamel; in other words, stimuli for the composition of "objects" after the manner or method of the psychopathic patient only a little more "digested"—and much more expensive.

In my judgment this will be a test of Picasso's real significance. How will he come out of it?

We shall see.

SILVER'S ENTICEMENTS . . . IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY LAVINIA LEWIS BAILEY

WHAT is there about old silver that casts such a spell over collectors? Is it the shape, age, or history of the maker that lures us into purchasing one more piece, when perhaps we already have half a dozen coffee pots, which should be enough for any family; someone had whispered the name Humphrey Payne, and although I tried hard not to listen to their wiles and entreaties, I instinctively conjured up in my mind the beautiful lines by so eminent a silversmith. Well, there is no harm in looking at it, thought I, for did not the owner of this delectable bit of silver say I would not be obliged to buy.

Yes, it happened—I was caught in an inextricable web of desire, not that I could really afford it, but simply had to have it. On reaching home and placing it upon the shelf, it seemed to say, "Well, aren't I an aristocrat—are you sorry now?" The lure was the



Fig. I. "Sublimation of all that could be desired in Coffee Pots." Left: by RICHARD GURNEY and THOMAS COOK, 1721, bearing arms of Ward of Witley; and right: 1746, with arms of Frederick of Burwood House, Surrey



Fig. II. Centre: "The irresistible QUEEN ANNE BEAKER" by PHILIP ROTIERE. Left: In daily use, QUEEN ANNE TRENCHER SALT by MATH. LOFTHOUSE, 1707. Right: A PORRINGER by WILLIAM ROBINSON of Newcastle, 1684



Fig. III. Bullet-shaped TEAPOT by PARKER & WAKELIN, 1765, and SALVER by JNO. BODDINGTON, 1718, "inseparable companions for 150 years"

coffee pot shown on the right in Fig. I. It displays the arms of Frederick of Burwood House, Surrey. Date 1746.

Shortly afterwards I added another elegantly proportioned coffee pot (shown on the left of Fig. I). Perfectly plain with an ivory handle. Made in the year 1721 by Richard Gurney and Thomas Cook, and bears the arms of (Ward) of Witley, Surrey. This in my mind was a *chef d'œuvre*, a sublimation of all that could be desired in coffee pots, and until I find another that can supersede either of the above I shall rest content.

A few months later someone came to view my collection and enquired if I was in the market for a Queen Anne beaker. No, I really could not buy anything else just at present, and besides, I must stop somewhere, for the shelves are getting weightier, and there is the cleaning of it, and the visitor departed with a parting invitation to look at the beaker when I was his way. Curiosity had me in her clutches for some following days and kept repeating: "Of course it would not hurt to take a look." And like a bloodhound tracking down its quarry, it was not long before I was at the home of the beaker. The instant I saw it and handled it, witnessed the bold outline, the simplicity of design and beautiful colour, I felt myself

SILVER'S ENTICEMENTS...IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

weaken and knew that once again I was not mistress of myself. And like a seductive coquette it seemed to say: "Am I not irresistible? Of course you are going to take me with you or I shall give you no peace of mind."

How often do you come across Queen beakers? kept going over in my mind, especially one as handsome as this. From 1697 to 1720 silverware was of a high standard and displayed the Britannia hallmark to verify its unctuous softness, as it were, and this piece was made in 1707, I noticed, as I subconsciously caressed it. To me this particular hall-mark holds a certain fascination, for was it not Philip Rotiere, employed at the Mint in the Tower of London, who introduced the figure of Britannia and used as his model one of Charles II's favourite ladies, Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond? (Beaker shown in Fig. II.)

One of my earlier acquisitions, though of a later date—to be exact, 1765—was a rather



Fig. IV. Two greatly admired, and my real favourites, LOUIS XVTH CHOCOLATE POTS, with ivory handles, used as hot-water jugs. Note the interesting spout on right



Fig. V. Centre: TEA CADDY by JOHN NEWTON, 1736. Left: CREAM JUG by RICHARD BAYLEY, 1725. Its acquisition took five years. Right: The humble KITCHEN PEPPER POT by ISAAC CORNASSEAU, 1730.



Fig. VI. Rat-tail and trifid end spoons, William and Mary, Charles II and Queen Anne. The three with embroidered backs are by WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Newcastle, 1684

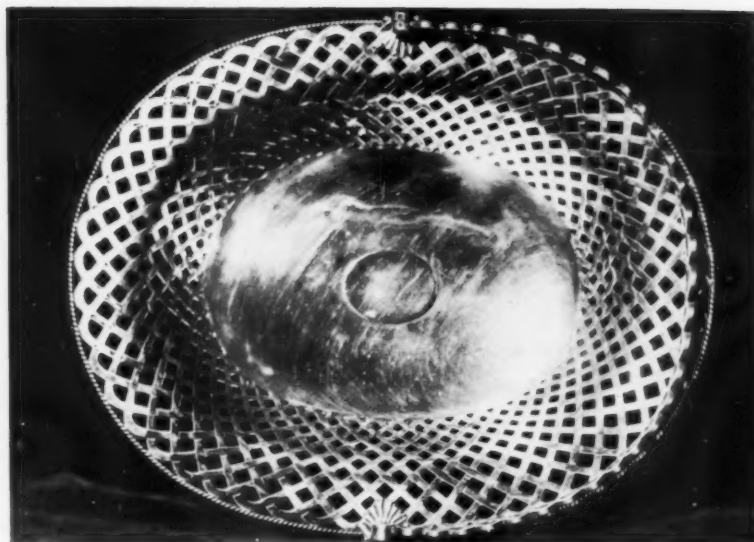
charming little bullet-shaped teapot (Parker & Wakelin), used in the making of camomile tea, though it must have been many years since it was used for this specific rite, being quite black inside. At the time of purchasing it the lady cajoled me into buying a small George I salver made in London, 1718, by Jno. Bodington, for, said she, these two pieces of plate have hobbled together for well over 150 years, and it would be a pity to see them parted now. (These two specimens are shown in Fig. III.)

But really my favourite pieces and those greatly admired by friends who drop in for a cup of tea are two handsome Louis XV chocolate pots which serve very well on the tea tray as hot-water

jugs. Both have ivory handles. The one on the right of Fig. IV is turned to illustrate the interesting spout.

Being English, I still follow the old tradition of enjoying my tea in the afternoons which is generally mixed and made in the drawing-room, usually half China and half black. One of the tea caddies in use is shown in the centre of Fig. V. This was a present to me, and a very acceptable one. Made in London, 1736, by John Newton, weight 14 ozs. And in the matter of dainties for afternoon tea nothing looks so attractive as an old silver cake basket to hand round among the guests, filled with delectable cakes peering through the open-work. One which is somewhat admired is depicted in Fig. VII, showing strapwork design with guilloché handle. Made in London, 1753, by Edward Aldridge and John Stampe. Something which makes a delightful little extra teapot stand is a William and Mary salver made in London, 1700, by David Willaume. This is one of a pair, but I could not persuade the former owner to part with the companion piece. However, I shall still keep hoping (*Fortes fortuna juvat*)—fortune must indeed favour my optimism (Fig. VIII).

"Do you allow your guests a small souvenir before leaving?" queried a lady guest at the breakfast table one morning, fondling a diminutive cream jug. This hap-



"A dish for delectable dainties."
Fig. VII. CAKE BASKET by EDWARD ALDRIDGE and JOHN STAMPE, 1753, London

pened to be my choicest little morsel of plate, generally in use on the guest tray. There are few more handsome pieces than this. This little fellow taught me the art of waiting—five long years—and now that I have at last got it, it must do me long service as a reward (to the left of Fig. V). Made by Richard Bayley, London, 1725.

One of the most unpretentious and charming little pieces of old silver is the humble kitchen pepper pot (to the right of Fig. V). These as a rule weigh from two to five ozs., and generally have a slightly domed and pierced top with scroll handle. The one illustrated was made by Isaac Cornasseau in 1730, and weighs just over two ozs. This little pepper generally keeps company with a Queen Anne trencher salt, made by Math. Lofthouse in 1707, shown in Fig. II. These are in daily use and are much admired by silver collectors when they join us in the dining-room.

A few years ago I had a penchant for collecting old rat-tail and trifid-end spoons not later than Queen Anne, of which three rather unusual ones of embroidered backs made by William Robinson of Newcastle, 1680, are illustrated in the centre of Fig. VI. Incidentally, in Fig. II to the right is a porringer made by the same silversmith in 1684.

Yes, there is no doubt that collecting can become a mild form of disease for which there is no panacea unless one is made chronically impetuous, and then such luxuries are abjured with pain and wistful thinking. I am not sure that I want to be cured, for it can be an exciting hobby and in some ways less risky than collecting porcelain, for instance, with its fear of breakage; but silver has hazards of its very own, and the unwary may find themselves possessed of pieces of little intrinsic and æsthetic value.

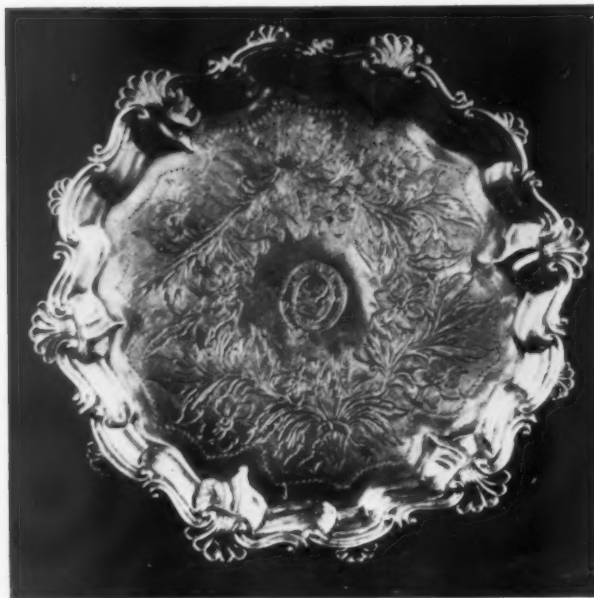


Fig. VIII. WILLIAM AND MARY SALVER by DAVID WILLAUME, 1700. "Used as a teapot stand. Its possession prompts wistful thoughts about its companion piece"

THE LOWESTOFT FACTORY

BY MRS. WILLOUGHBY HODGSON, F.R.S.A.

THERE is a romantic little story connected with the founding of the Lowestoft factory worth mentioning, though the writer cannot vouch for its truth. It is said that a Dutch sailor who had suffered shipwreck on the coast of Suffolk, in a walk with his rescuer, Mr. Hewlyn Lusson, came upon some land which was being excavated, and on seeing a bank of white clay, remarked: "They make Delft ware of that in my country." Acting on this hint, Mr. Lusson established a factory, but with no success, and was soon obliged to close it.

A year later, in 1759, Messrs. Walker, Brown, Aldred and Rickman founded the Lowestoft factory. These men had at times been engaged in the herring fishery; indeed, in the *Universal Dictionary* for 1795 the firm is described as "Walker & Brown, China Manufacturers and Herring Curers." Walker, the senior partner, lived till 1803, and managed the business most of its life. The technical manager was Robert Brown, a chemist who died in 1771, when his son succeeded him. In the Lowestoft Public Library there used to be a quaint and picturesque water-colour drawing of the kiln and its surroundings, by C. Bird, about 1800.



Fig. II. LOWESTOFT COFFEE POT, circa 1765, painted in under-glaze blue. Height, 6½ in.

Victoria and Albert Museum



Fig. I. LOWESTOFT JUG, circa 1765, painted in Colours. Height, 7 in. Dia. 4½ in.

Victoria and Albert Museum

The oldest specimens of this china date from about 1760, and consist of a coarse

blue and white ware often smeared and run, but when applied to moulded patterns more carefully and neatly executed. When looked through by transmitted light, Lowestoft porcelain is of a creamy tint, the glaze slightly blued and marred by black and blue specks and fine sand.

One of the greatest interests of the factory lies in the fact that it produced a larger assortment of articles than were produced elsewhere, among them being small eye-baths, large tea-pots, toy tea-services, feeding cups, soap dishes, egg-cups, food-warmers, flasks, pounce-pots, and birthday plaques; also some 200 inscribed and dated pieces, many of which were painted in underglaze blue. Mugs, bell-shaped and straight-sided, were popular for inscriptions, but the cylindrical type outlived the bell-shaped, which appear to have been made only till 1785. Next in order of numbers are inkstands, bowls, birth tablets, jugs, tea and coffee pots, cups, saucers and plates.

Bow patterns were copied and at times it is difficult to distinguish between the two factories. It seems there was an interchange of painters between them, and wasters dug up on the sites of each afford a most interesting study. There are helps to identification, however, in the shapes of pieces decorated in underglaze blue—the spouts of teapots are longer, more prominent and pointed at Lowestoft than at Bow; but while Bow produced large quantities of plates and dishes, such pieces are rare in Lowestoft, the large specimens generally bearing long spur marks on the underside near the rims, and the blue is of a darker tint, blacker in tone than the bright neat painting of Bow.

Blue transfer decoration seems to have been popular between 1770 and 1785. It is generally carried out in a Chinese pagoda pattern with coarse dark blue flowers and fruit, and was generally employed on mugs, bowls, coffee pots, tea caddies and jugs; the same patterns when applied to tea-ware being more neatly executed. Views with churches and



Fig. III. BARREL-SHAPED LOWESTOFT MUG, Painted in Colours with a branch of the Angouleme sprig of Cornflower, and inscribed in front, "A trifle from Lowestoft." Ht., 3½ in. Victoria and Albert Museum

sporting prints, such as "Huntsman and Dog," "Sportsman and Dog," "Stork and Fox," Chinese picnic scenes occur. The well-known powder-blue plate in the British Museum and illustrated in "How to Identify Old China" was made in 1770, and has raised the question as to whether this style of decoration was largely employed at Lowestoft, a question which so far has not been satisfactorily answered. In the central reserve is a view of St. Margaret's Church, while the smaller reserves contain other views of Lowestoft.

There appears to have been no official mark at the



Fig. V. LOWESTOFT BOWL, circa 1765. Painted in Colours and Gilt. Height, 3 in. Victoria and Albert Museum



Fig. IV. LOWESTOFT TEA-POY, moulded in relief and painted in blue. Mark 5 in blue. C. 1760. Height, 4½ in. Length, 3½ in. Width, 2½ in.

Schreiber Collection, Victoria and Albert Museum

factory, but the marks of other factories were sometimes copied, amongst these both the open and closed Worcester Crescent. Chinese characters in groups of four or six may be found on the base of Lowestoft baskets and dishes. Many pieces are marked on the inner side of the foot ring, very occasionally on the base with painters' numerals, which range from 1 to 30, and occasionally even higher. The numeral 5 is of such common appearance that it might almost be termed the factory mark. The only numbers found on inscribed and dated pieces are 3 and 5, but after 1773 these numerals disappear.

Enamel colours seem to have been first used in conjunction with underglaze blue and adaptations from Chinese patterns, pink scale borders and Chinese mandarin decoration in the Worcester manner were employed, a help to identify the pieces from these two factories being that the Worcester enamel is richer and thicker than that employed at Lowestoft. This style of decoration appears most frequently on cylindrical mugs sometimes associated with panels of black diaper.

The finest flower painting will be found on pieces manufactured between 1773 and 1780, bouquets and sprays which include tulips and famille-rose are really well and artistically produced, and it seems a pity that this was superseded by such patterns as the blue cornflower, Angouleme sprig. Landscapes painted in puce colour, including Chinese figure scenes and ruins, occur on teapots, one of which was

THE LOWESTOFT FACTORY

seen by the writer in the late Colonel Bulwer's collection. Tea and coffee services, generally fluted, were frequently decorated with detached flowers painted in black and picked out in gold. The inscription, "A Trifle from Lowestoft," is found upon articles made during the whole life of the factory, and were generally decorated in polychrome, examples in blue and white being rare. Birthday plaques, circular in shape and from $2\frac{3}{8}$ to $3\frac{1}{8}$ in. with holes near the rim for suspension, were made to commemorate birthdays, and appear to have been made for at least 38 years from 1761, but as many of them bear names of families connected with the factory, it looks as if they were not produced in quantity for the public.

Amongst painters employed here, many examples are attributed to Robert Allen. Several patterns are found carried out in blue and red, all more or less alike, and these are said to have been the handiwork of the Redgraves, two brothers and a sister, who were employed at the factory. One pattern consists of a diaper border in underglaze blue, divided by small panels in red and gold. The foreground is painted in a fine apple-green, upon which stands a pierced rock in deep blue under-glaze, slightly gilt, and a delicate red fence with swastika fret; from the rock rise Chinese flowers in blue and Indian red, slightly gilt, and pink peonies in famille-rose style.

Among the birth tablets are several painted in underglaze blue relating to this family. They are neatly executed and of various designs. "Mary Redgrave, Born Nov. 19th, 1761," is painted with small scrolls and an egg and dash border. "Martha Redgrave, Born Aug. 12th, 1765" is painted with blue scrolls and a lambrequin border. Martha was the mother of John, Henrietta and George Saul. These are in Mrs. Coleman's collection.

A specimen in the Crisp collection is painted in enamel colours and is inscribed on a large tablet, "Ann Redgrave, Born November 4th, 1795"; the back is decorated with flowers. From the Lowestoft Christening Register, 1795: Nov. 5th, "Ann d. of Edmund and Susanna, Mother's maiden name Welton-Sush Redgrave, Born April ye 9th, 1794" within a puce cartouche on a tablet of large size, decorated with blue enamel border; flowers and sprays on the reserve. This tablet is the same size as the preceding one, being about $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., a fine example, polychrome specimens being rare, and is in the Beecroft and Lowestoft Library collection.

The Lowestoft jug which is illustrated is not only a fine piece of porcelain but has the extra interest that it illustrates one of our national sports as played in the middle of the XVIIIth century. Standing 7 inches high and painted in colours, it has red lattice decoration on the lip of the spout and handle attachments, while round



Fig. VI. LOWESTOFT TEA-CUP AND SAUCER, circa 1760. Painted in Colours—Pattern attributed to the Redgrave family. Cup: Height $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., Diameter $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. Saucer: Diameter $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Victoria and Albert Museum

the centre is a scroll panel enclosing the scene—"The Cricket Match." The batsman, holding a curved bat, is about to take guard, the bowler is about to make his delivery, and four fielders with raised hands are ready to catch it. Cottages fill the background, and the setting is the Denes at Lowestoft, the subject taken from a print by H. Roberts, after a picture by L. P. Boitard in Hutchinson's "Book of Cricket."

The *Daily Advertiser* of July 15, 1747, describes a ladies' cricket match quoted by Mr. A. J. B. Riddell in his most interesting and instructive address on Lowestoft porcelain before the "English Porcelain Circle" in November, 1929. It runs thus:

"On Monday last, in playing the Women's Cricket Match, the company broke in so that it was impossible for the game to be played and some of them being very much frightened and others hurt it could not be finished till the morning, when at nine o'clock they will finish the same. Hoping the company will be so kind as to indulge them in not walking within the ring; which will not only be great pleasure to them but a general satisfaction to the whole. All ladies and gentlemen who have payed to see this match on Monday shall have the liberty of the ground to see it finished without any other charge. And in the afternoon they will play a second match in the same place, several large sums being depending between the 'Women of the Hills' of Sussex in orange coloured ribbons and the 'Dales' in blue. The wickets to be pitched by 10 o'clock and to begin play at two."

The writer wishes that the *Daily Advertiser* had gone further and described the costumes of the ladies as well as their ribbons.

Readers who may wish to identify British armorial bearings on portraits, plate or china, should send a full description and a photograph or drawing, or, in the case of silver, a careful rubbing. IN NO CASE MUST THE ORIGINAL ARTICLE BE SENT. No charge is made for replies.

A YORKSHIRE GENIUS. JULIANA HORATIA EWING

A NOTE ON HER POPULAR CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND THEIR ILLUSTRATORS

THAT the B.B.C. has at least twice broadcast Mrs. Ewing's stories—"Jack-anapes" and "Jan of the Windmill," providing attractive items for "Children's Hour" programmes—shows clearly enough that these delightful books have not lost their appeal with the passing years. The occasion may therefore not be considered inappropriate for a slight commentary, not only on her own work, but also that of the artists whose skill accompanied and informed her easy prose.

Gatty was Mrs. Ewing's maiden name. She was born at Ecclesfield, in Yorkshire, on August 3, 1841, her father being rector of the parish. His daughter early showed that she possessed at least one qualification for authorship—that of the fireside story-teller. Indeed, her ability in this direction was such that she always held her young audience enthralled, nor did the constant demand for "more" ever weary or exhaust her inventive powers. Her literary taste was largely founded on the fairy tales of Grimm, Anderson and Bechstein, but besides her love of books she developed no mean talent as an artist. No doubt it was this gift which later guided the unerring discrimination shown in the choice of her illustrators. Most of her post-nursery writing first saw the light in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, a periodical started by her mother (although Aunt Judy was actually an affectionate name bestowed on the young authoress herself), but *The Monthly Packet* frequently published her stories, as did other children's papers. These magazine contributions make it somewhat difficult to chronicle her books since her published volumes were made up—wholly or in part—of matter which had previously appeared in this ephemeral form.

In June, 1867, the name of Gatty was given up for that of Ewing, for in that year she married Major Ewing, and thereafter, until her health forbade, she travelled with her husband on his official duties. From this date, too, the military element entered into her writings, but was characterized by an accuracy unusual in women when dealing with army life. Another detail which must not be overlooked was her passion for flowers. "Dandelion Clocks" is an example of this love, which, however, was no mere sentimental prosing, but, founded on a study of the medieval "Herbals," was enlarged by a first-hand acquaintance with the flora of her own countryside.

Apart from the short period of travelling with her husband, Mrs. Ewing's life was singularly uneventful, and it is not untrue to say that this unruffled placidity is reflected in much of her work. That her stories appeal to children in this age of unrest may well be due to the calm, undisturbed atmosphere of her writing. Ill-health unfortunately began to trouble her. Soon she was forbidden to accompany Major Ewing on his journeyings,



A Selection of Mrs. EWING's principal books showing the attractive pictorial covers. In the centre is a portrait of the authoress by George Reid, R.S.A.

and after much suffering, borne without complaint, she died at Trull, Somerset (whose church many know by reason of its intriguing carvings on pew and pulpit) on May 13, 1885. The tiny vignette by Caldecott (who so soon was to follow her) of a small maid laying a wreath on her grave from the stone of which a robin sings, is a touching tribute to her memory—more poignant, perhaps, than many of the printed tributes.

A selection of her principal books from the writer's collection, appear in the photograph reproduced in this article. By no means complete, it yet gives some idea of their outward attractiveness. Inwardly they were no less alluring. Quite apart from the graceful prose and the text illustrations, the pictured chapter-headings and tail-pieces (now, alas, almost out of fashion) added much to the decorative element of these publications.

As regards her illustrators, Mrs. Ewing was particularly happy. The principal one of these artists was undoubtedly Gordon Browne—a son of the great "Phiz". Browne had dedicated his graphic skill to the illustration of children's books, and those who remember his work for Henty, Mrs. Molesworth, L. T. Meade or S. R. Crockett, will understand how captivating his "Tinies"

A YORKSHIRE GENIUS

can be. His loyalty towards this author was very deep, for after drawing charmingly for practically her first book—"Melchoir's Dream" of 1862—his facile pen was still at her service to embellish "The Peace Egg," which appeared but a little more than a year prior to her death. Reference to the photograph will show that no less than four of the books contain his work—"The Story of a Short Life" (one of which might well be termed the "military" series); "The Peace Egg," "Mary's Meadow," and "Melchoir's Dream." Gordon Browne was as kindly as he was clever, and had he not been born the son of a famous father he would no doubt have been held in much greater esteem. Curiously enough, his art directly opposed that of his parent, the satirical note so emphasized by "Phiz" being replaced by one of gentleness and sympathy.

If Helen Paterson (afterwards Mrs. Allingham) only contributed to one book, she yet attracted as much attention as if she had done much more, for one of her designs to "A Flat Iron for a Farthing," in which two small Victorian maids, seated on high chairs, soberly make their important purchases, attracted the attention of Ruskin (who saw the picture exhibited in 1875), who said of it, "... the drawing, with whatever temporary purpose executed, is for ever lovely, a thing which I believe Gainsborough would have given one of his own pictures for—old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies are, and more precious than rubies." Strange to relate, the model for one of these tiny damsels afterwards became herself an artist of note.

But if Gordon Browne was the most faithful and Mrs. Allingham the most highly praised, the ideal illustrator of all was undoubtedly Randolph Caldecott, whose genius lives for ever in his inimitable "Picture Books." Books of similar type had been, or were to be, essayed by other artists. Gordon Browne himself tried several; Walter Crane had greater success in a more extended series; Cruikshank's curious elfs attracted many, whilst poor Hugh Thomson had but little reward for his solitary effort of "Jack the Giant Killer." None, however, caught the infectious spirit of those executed by the

Manchester ex-bank clerk. Perhaps the best assessment of the permanent worth of these drawings was Austin Dobson's preface to the collected folio edition of 1887.

Caldecott's pictures for Mrs. Ewing were much on the same principle of line and flat colour, and from the three reproduced—"Daddy Darwin's Dovecot," "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire," and the classic "Jackanapes"—it can be seen how well they look. To get the full savour, however, the actual books must be handled. Then can be appreciated the light touches of colour which here and there add life to the studies. Roger Oldham in "The Art of Englishmen" (1917) wrote:

"The Mrs. Ewing books bring us face to face with Caldecott's pure unaffected love of child-life. There have been very few, if any, more beautifully written books for children, whether old or young, than 'Jackanapes.' It is a little gem, simple, unconstrained, unaffected, yet full of life, dainty humour and sweet pathos. It was a creation that would naturally appeal to a kindred spirit like Caldecott. The little booklet with its coloured cover is a work of art, which fills a special niche in the affections of book lovers. Both author and artist died in the prime of life, and within a few months of each other. It was well said of them, 'They have gone to Heaven together.'"

Practically all these well-known books were issued in gaily decorated boards and published by the S.P.C.K., whilst the printers and engravers were that deservedly great firm of Edmund Evans, whose colour-work was at this time attracting almost world-wide attention.

Mrs. Ewing's work will, we venture to think, always have a place in our hearts. Not only by reason of her graceful prose, but because she wrote of things which do not change—kindness, gentle humour, love of flowers and animals—things which even war cannot destroy, and the background of her canvas was the lovely English countryside in which she had been nurtured. Herself childless, she wrote of children as few of her contemporaries did. Happiness perhaps is the key-note of her work. Surely there could be no better one?

THE FRENCH BOOK IN WAR-TIME

(Continued from page 90)

On the title-page is printed the author's name in capitals, then follows the title:

L'ESCALIER
DANS LE
MUR

the "L" in black, then royal blue lettering set against the deep beige shade of a kind of thick wall-paper. In the text the reverse: blue initials, black print. Paragraph initials in black, three times the size of the text lettering. Above the chapter headings a fine blue line crossed by black roman numbers. The lay-out is of classical elegance, to be compared to ancient documents written on parchment. Blue out-size letters, horizontally arranged, are the only ornament at chapter endings, leaving wide margins. It is an interesting book, an elegy to the mountain, in which the author meditates that life in the mountains, as on the seashore, reveals the full value of the human character.

THE WALPOLE COLLECTION

The late Sir Hugh Walpole, like the late Sir Michael Sadler, was an enthusiastic collector of modern art hence the announcement that the Leicester Galleries have been entrusted with the dispersal of the Walpole Collection is of especial interest. It appears that his taste was likewise catholic, ranging from Sculpture by Degas and paintings by Manet and Gauguin to Drawings by Paul Klee and Caricatures by Max Beerbohm, not to mention the younger school of English painters. The first part of the Exhibition will be open on April 10.

An Exhibition of Mr. G. Lindsay Clegg's works is being held at the Alpine Club on April 10th.

CHINESE ART—JADE

Mr. Victor Rienaeker's further contribution on this subject, which includes his opinions on problems arising out of the study of ancient jades, the outcome of requests from readers, has had to be postponed to the issue of May, because of the impossibility of obtaining photographs in time for publication this month. The break in the continuity of the series is very much regretted.

THE UNEXPECTED IN POTTERY

BY H. B. LANCASTER, F.R.S.A.

*Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
"The Passionate Shepherd"*
—C. MARLOWE.

BUCKLES for shoes came generally into use towards the latter part of the XVIIth century, and continued in fashion throughout nearly the whole of the XVIIIth.

The *Century Dictionary* defines this predecessor of our shoelace as "A clasp consisting of a curved or rectangular rim with one or more movable tongues secured to the chape at one side or in the middle."

In later years the buckle became merely an ornament to the shoe it adorned and was much reduced in size; but originally it formed the clasp by which the shoe was held to the foot. They were worn by both men and women, and the dandies vying with each other in extravagance of dress, did not omit the opportunity for display so offered.

Buckles were made of cut steel, silver and gold, and even ornamented with diamonds and other precious stones. The shoe with a high tongue gave space for a

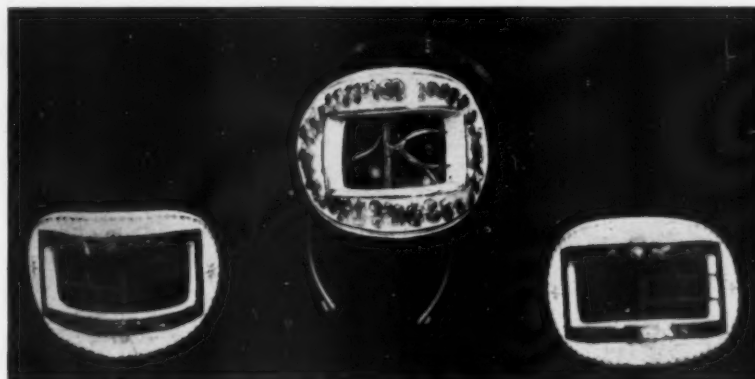


Fig. I. POTTERY SHOE BUCKLES. Single specimen: Flowers in deep blue, paste of the Leeds type. Pair: Borders deep blue with applied gold, floral sprays red, and eight painted stars in red

"Early English Figure Pottery," by Sir H. Mackintosh, Bt.; and the caption reads: "Gent's shoe buckle in Pottery. This is only a trifle, but brings to mind the courtly costumes of the day and all that went with them."

The single specimen shown is probably of Leeds manufacture, the ornamental wreath of flowers is in blue, and the paste very much of the Leeds type. The metal clasp swivelled to the centre bar, consists of a loop with two short prongs on one side and two long prongs on the other.

The photograph—lacking colour—does not do justice to the pair, which are ornamented by a deep blue border with applied gold, a red floral spray above and below, and a conventional outer border of black. An eight-pointed star in red shows at each end of the buckle. The metal clasps are similar to that in the single specimen, but lack the two short prongs in the loop.

DRESSER FEET

Some time ago, I wrote an article on "Dresser Feet," the name I gave to those pottery supports for furniture, made to raise the polished wood above the stone-flagged floors and the soapy water of their washing.

Soon afterwards I received word from a friend and fellow-collector, of a set of unusual type (Fig. II). This is the only set I have come across showing a female face.

The features, seen in profile, are extremely well modelled, and it is only the crude colouring that makes the mask into a grotesque. The hair is jet-black, as also are the dots representing eyebrows; and though the lady has lip-stick applied with discretion, the startling



Fig. II. POTTERY FEET FOR FURNITURE. Figures outlined in blue, two blue and three red ornaments on head-dress; necklace represented by red and black dots

large and showy buckle, no doubt designed to emphasize the slenderness of the foot.

Amongst the many materials mentioned as used, pottery is conspicuous by its absence, but we can show (Fig. I) a single specimen and a pair made from this brittle substance: the only specimens I have come across in a long period of collecting. In only one book on pottery can I find a reference to buckles, and then it is only the caption below an illustration. This is in

THE UNEXPECTED IN POTTERY



Fig. III. Applied ornament on an octagonal Plaque, probably a pattern piece. On back, "J. & W. Ridgway, Cauldon Place, 1814"

red patches on her cheeks do not display similar circumspection.

The base and crescent headdress are outlined in blue, with two blue and three red ornaments on the white front of the crescent, while alternate red and black dots represent a necklace. The height is $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. It would be difficult to identify the maker of these pieces of pottery, but they are undoubtedly old and the subject most unusual.

J. & W. RIDGWAY

The sharply moulded ornaments on Elers' red wares are well known, as also are those—slightly coarser—on Astbury tea-pots and other pieces; but that form of decoration does not appear to have been used by other potters after the salt glaze period. Perhaps it was too difficult. These applied flowers and intricate designs in sharp relief were formed in metal moulds before being applied for decoration of the smooth surfaced ware.

It is surprising, therefore, to find that the Ridgways made use of the method on an octagonal plaque (Fig. III), perhaps intended as a pattern piece. This is signed on the back "J. & W. Ridgway, Cauldon Place, 1814." It is in plain white, and the design is in sharp relief; a well-proportioned picture of trees, house, garden and stream, with tiny figures and birds, including swans on the water.

A curious point about the date is that 1814 was the year when the sons of Job Ridgway, who died in May of that year, succeeded to the Cauldon Place Works, so this must be one of their earliest pieces. John and William Ridgway continued in partnership until 1830, when they separated, John remaining at Cauldon Place while William took over the Bell Bank works.

NEALE & Co.

At first sight the little figure of Autumn (Fig. IV)



Fig. IV. "AUTUMN," one of the four seasons by NEALE & Co., circa 1776, bearing the controversial impressed mark of a four-leaved crown, surmounted by a cross, with the letter G beneath

appears to be an ordinary Staffordshire model of no particular interest or merit, but its unusual feature consists of the mark, one which has caused some controversy. This impressed mark is of a four-leaved crown, surmounted by a cross, with the letter G beneath.

At one time this mark was attributed to Leeds, but later it was suggested that it should be transferred to Robert Wilson of Hanley, and that the G. stood for "Granite Body." It is true that Wilson used a crown as mark, but it is a much more elaborate object and it surmounts the letter C, not G. The C is conjectured to refer to the chalk body for which Wilson was celebrated.

The identity of the mark on this figure is now settled by the discovery of a plate, which bears the plain crown and G, and also the impressed name of "Neale & Co."

Neale was a partner with Henry Palmer, who started at Church Works, Hanley, in 1760. Neale had a shop in Shoe Lane, and was the London representative of the firm; but from 1776 he carried on the business alone at Hanley. In 1778, Robert Wilson was associated with Neale, and it is possible that his crown and letter C were evolved from the earlier mark as on this pictured figure, which also bears the impressed word, "Autumn."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(Continued from page 86)

HERALDRY

Lieut. P. W. T. (Leeds). I shall be grateful if you can explain the origin of the crest on the armorial bearings of Clayhills-Henderson of Invergowrie, Perthshire. It consists of a full crown held in a right hand. On top of the crown there is a small ball surmounted by a small enclosed cross. This portion is reminiscent of top of a sceptre, but may be part of the crown itself.

The coat of arms of Clayhills of Invergowrie is: Parted per bend sanguine and vert, two greyhounds courant bendways argent. Crest: an arm holding an imperial crown proper. Motto: Corde et animo. This coat which was matriculated at the Lyon Office prior to 1672 is a noted one, as the colour of the field, known as sanguine, is very rarely used in British heraldry, and it is the only one in the Lyon Register where the use of sanguine as a tincture is employed in an honourable coat. Perhaps this coat was intended to cant on the name of the bearers; the sanguine or brick colour, in combination with the green field, may have been thought by some bright person as quite a fit hieroglyphic for clayhills. It is not so easy to account for the choice of crest. The imperial crown is being held by an arm as an ordinary charge, and is not used as a crest coronet which is an indication of rank, therefore no particular entitlement is necessary to bear this crest. The exact date of the grant of this coat of arms and crest is unfortunately difficult to trace, but it may be that the Clayhills were staunch Royalists and for that reason bore for their crest an arm holding an imperial crown, signifying their loyalty. The surname of Clayhills is said to have been first adopted by the proprietors of the lands of Clayhills, co. Aberdeen, and it occurs in Calderwood's "History of the Church of Scotland," where it is stated that Andrew Clayhills took an active part in Church matters in 1586 and the following years. The barony of Invergowrie was acquired in 1615 by Robert Clayhills of Baldovie, near Dundee, who died 1633, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert Clayhills, who was commissioner for War for Forfarshire in 1649 and died 1664. David, the next Laird of Invergowrie, who died in 1669, was succeeded by his uncle, who was Commissioner of Supply for Forfarshire, from 1690-1704. He left a daughter to succeed him, but no son, so here the male line of the Clayhills ends. It may be of interest to quote the following: "Lieut. Serge Clayhills of the Lithuanian Regiment of Life Guards, Warsaw, was a cadet of this family, and subject to a rematriculation in Lyon Office, would be entitled to the foregoing arms with such difference as the Lyon King of Arms might decide. However, he has not yet matriculated. The Russian branch of the family has been settled in that country since 1645, and bears for arms: Per fesse azure and argent, on a fesse of the last, two greyhounds courant to the dexter sable, in chief a crescent between two mullets of six points or. Various modifications of these have been used, but the crest, a demi-greyhound sable collared or, has remained unaltered. A distinguished member of the Russian family is General Clayhills, presently Prefect of St. Petersburg." (1902.)

*Fox-Davies. Armorial Families, 1902.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor, APOLLO.

In connection with your interesting note on the Castle Heddingham Mug in the January issue of APOLLO, your readers may be interested to know that Section 6 of the United States Tariff Act of 1890 provided:

"That on and after the first day of March, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, all articles of foreign manufacture, such as are usually or ordinarily marked, stamped, branded, or labelled, and all packages containing such or other imported articles, shall, respectively, be plainly marked, stamped, branded, or labelled in legible English words, so as to indicate the country of their origin; and unless so marked, stamped, branded or labelled they shall not be admitted to entry."

Is it not, therefore, a reasonable assumption that Mr. Bingham was merely following the practice of many other manufacturers in marking his wares so that any could as desired be used for westerly export purposes? In any case this rule (which has continued in force to the present) gives us a dating point which may occasionally be of assistance.

THOMAS T. HOOPES, Curator,
City Art Museum of St. Louis, Forest Park, U.S.A.

SALE ROOM PRICES

January 16, 25 and 30. PUTTICK AND SIMPSON: pair large Bohemian vases, £15; twelve Coalport dessert plates, £11; pair Sèvres vases and covers, £14; French dessert service after Chabry, £135; pair Meissen groups, £31; The Gleaners, I. B. Foster (drawing), £50; Skating, Hyde Park, Rowlandson, £30; picture, The Connoisseurs, R. Moretti, £40; pair of blue opaque glass vases, £15; Coalport tea service, 42 pieces, £29; pair Meissen vases and covers, £24; pair Jacob Petit bottles and stoppers, marked J.P., £20.

February 7, 8, 14 and 21. ROBINSON AND FOSTER, LTD.: four George III candlesticks, 11 in., £90; Georgian oval two-handled tray, £100; four 10 in. shaped oblong entrée dishes and covers, Paul Storr, £165; set six Georgian 8 in. pillar candlesticks, £125; shaped octagonal two-handled tea tray and 23 in. tea kettle, £105; mountainous landscape and river scene, Jerom Bosch, £241; The Gipsies' Repast, W. Shayer, £220; three by John A. Lomax, R.I., £214; Knole settee, £126; nine Dresden monkey musicians, £46; three Waterford candlesticks, £52.

February 1, 6, 22, and 26. Musical Instruments, Pictures, Porcelain and Silver, PUTTICK AND SIMPSON: violin, J. Vinaccio, £20, and one by H. Derazey, £25; violincello, Gisalberti, £5; circular waiter with Chippendale border, £19; gravy spoon Georgian, £18; Georgian service, three pieces, £44; Flower piece, Daniel Seghers, £185; The Flight into Egypt, Cuyt, £27; Landscape, Zuccarelli, £38; Flower piece, J. Baptiste, £40; Meissen bullfinch, £14; Dresden stand, £15; Chelsea figure of America, £14; pair Dresden Candelabra, £16; Limoges coffee service, £17.

February 14. Silver and Articles of Vertu, CHRISTIE'S: Swiss Empire snuff box, £110; and another, £136; Directoire gold box, formerly property of King Victor of Italy, £268; pair miniatures by John Smart, 1787, £84.

February 22. Furniture and Porcelain, CHRISTIE'S: Horse, k'ang Hsi, £92; Urbino dish, £73; Sheraton sideboard, £68; clock by Langley Bradley, 7 ft. 2 in., £89; eight Adam mahogany armchairs, £215; Sheraton sideboard, £75; Old English winged bookcase, £184; Louis XV giltwood chaiselongue, £152.

February 16. Pictures and Drawings, CHRISTIE'S: Duchess of Devonshire and Marchioness of Salisbury by Valentine Green, £110; a Colonnade with the usual figures, F. Guardi, £152; Miss Sarah Curran by Gilbert Stuart, £441; Woody Landscape, W. Ashford, £115; Moses with the Tablets, F. Bol, £110; The Madonna and Child, Lippi, £121; View over extensive Landscape, J. Wootton, £441; An Interesting Letter, G. Drapiere, £103; Henry VIII, Holbein, £121.

February 23. Furniture, Pictures, etc., KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY: Flemish oak refectory table, £125; eight Charles design chairs, £145; oak panelling for a Jacobean dining-room and study, £425.

MARCH 1. Silver, CHRISTIE'S: oval tray, 1779, £100; eight meat dishes, A. Fogelberg, 1775, £450; four, Thomas Heming, £172; two by S. and J. Crespell, 1771, £98; tureen and cover, D. Williams, 1744, £120; sixteen hot-water plates, 1786, £240; James II plain tankard, 1685, £200; circular salver, James Le Bass, Dublin, £150; oblong inkstand, M. Geline, 1760, £68; Charles I goblet, 1640, maker's mark R. W., £270; Charles II porringer and cover, 1660, £240; Charles II Monteith, Benjamin Pyne, 1679, £180; oval teapot, 1801, £70; oblong one, New-castle, 1818, £60.

March 2. Pictures and Drawings, CHRISTIE'S: Gentleman, Domenichino, £105; Louis Hector Duc de Villars, H. Rigaud, £231; Castle of Delft, Jan Van Goyen, £756.

March 14. Old English Silver, being a portion of the Downshire Heirlooms; very high prices were reached, CHRISTIE'S: plain coffee pot, 1763, £65; plain cylindrical Argyle, 1798, £56; four waiters, 6 in., R. Calderwood, Dublin, 1760, £125; pair plain ones, Charles Gibbons, 1733, £82; pair square, with raised moulded borders, 1723, £250; four plain circular, Wakelin and Taylor, 1786, £140; Queen Anne large plain tankard, Nathaniel Bullen, Chester, 1703, £330; another by Humphrey Payne, 1707; £320; twenty-four dinner plates, John Schofield, 1785, £350; twenty-five similar, by Peter Archambo and Peter Meure, 1751, £355; and thirteen by Thomas Heming, 1751, £155; twenty-four soup plates by Wakelin and Taylor, 1786, £145; four circular dishes, Peter Archambo and Peter Meure, 1751, £105. one dish similar by the same, £100; pair oval soup tureens and covers by the same, 1752, £180; and a set of four sauce boats, the same, £120. (To be continued in next issue.)